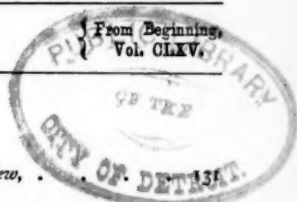


LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, }
Volume L.

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Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

A MARCH MIDNIGHT.

BLACK night! Fierce war of clouds and
 shrieking wind:
 White stars with flame-blown cressets dimly
 seen,
 Pale glimpses where a hurrying moon has
 been
 And left a chaos of wild sights behind.
 From the thick darkness struggling to be
 free,
 The glimmering cliff-line of a rounded bay,
 And, at its base, monotonous and grey,
 The sullen plunging of a breaking sea.
 Hoarse voices striving to be heard: the hiss
 Of shattered spray, and rush of streaming
 foam
 On pillar'd crags: and, round the gannet's
 home,
 Visions of grey wings o'er the black abyss.

Behind the cliffs, far inland, all asleep!
 A wet wind blowing over acres bare:
 No strife, but a low whisper everywhere,
 Earth stirring dreamily in slumber deep.
 Rustle of last-year leaves in hedgerow lanes,
 Bird-titterings of a sudden hushed, the
 start
 Of hare's feet in the bracken, where the
 hart
 Has made his couch, until the shadowy plains
 Receive the dawn-beams, and the violets wake,
 And floods and forests smile to see the morn-
 ing break.

Leisure Hour.

HORACE G. GROSER.

LAUREL

A PICTURED face, in frame of gold,
 Large, tender eyes, and forehead bold,
 And firm, unflinching mouth;
 A face that tells of mingled birth —
 The calmness of the northern earth,
 The passion of the south!

The one face in the world to me,
 The face I never more shall see
 Until God's kingdom come!
 Oh, tender eyes! oh, firm strong lips!
 What comfort in my life's eclipse?
 What succor? Ye are dumb!

I brought the blossoms of the spring
 To deck my true love's offering,
 While he was far away:
 With rose's bloom, with pansy's grace,
 I wreathed the well-beloved face;
 I have no flowers to-day.

But laurel, laurel for my brave,
 My hero lying in his grave
 Upon that foreign sod!
 He passed amid the crash of guns,
 Beyond the farthest sun of suns,
 A kingly soul, to God!

He died upon the battle-field,
 He knew not, he, to fly nor yield,
 Bold Britain's worthy son!
 And I will wreath his laurel crown,
 Although the bitter tears run down —
 I was his chosen one.

He loved his country, so did I;
 He parted forth to do or die,
 And I — I let him go;
 Oh dear, dear land! we gave thee all,
 God bless the banner, and the pall,
 God help the mourner's woe!

I hear the bells ring loud and sweet,
 I hear the shouting in the street,
 For joy of victory;
 The very children cease their play,
 To babble of the victor's bay,
 And pennons flutter free.

I hear the vivas long and loud,
 As they ride onward through the crowd,
 His comrades bold and brave;
 The shouts of triumph rend the air,
 Oh, he must hear them lying there,
 My hero in his grave!

I do not grudge thee, darling mine!
 I, the last daughter of a line
 Whose warrior blood ran free,
 Upon the battle-fields of old;
 Thou wast not mine to have and hold,
 The land had need of thee.

I do not grudge thee; I shall smile,
 Belovéd, in a little while,
 And glory in thy name;
 I hold love's laurel in my hand,
 But take thou from the grateful land
 Thy wreath of deathless fame!

All The Year Round.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

LIKE rock upheared that braves the storm un-
 riven,
 In sullen grandeur, stern, uncouthly bold,
 Erect he stood: though cast in rugged
 mould,
 Not less a prophet, struggling, tempest-driven,
 Towards the stars — to God, and Truth, and
 Heaven —
 Yet struggling blindly. Round him, fold
 on fold,
 Dim Doubt, dark Death, their dismal coils
 unrolled,
 Nor cowed, nor crushed him. He, in strength
 God-given,
 Daring, defied them; yet with step uneven,
 Oft stumbling fell, as one who 'mid the wold
 Uncertain wanders, lacking faith to hold
 His Father's hand — with whom, long while
 forgiven,
 We leave his failings, recollecting naught
 But his great virtues, and the work he wrought.
 Leisure Hour. COULSON KERNAHAN.

From The Scottish Review.
THE LENNOX.*

SCOTLAND is greatly indebted to Mr. Fraser for the many valuable documents he has brought to light, which not only illustrate the domestic history of so many of our great families, but throw a new light on matters of deep national interest.

In studying such a work as the volume before us, and in striving to place before our readers a few gleanings from its pages, we are puzzled by the very abundance of our materials. The history of the Lennox family is interwoven with that of Scotland from early times, and the members of that family seem to have taken an active part in the concerns of the kingdom, whether for good or evil we must leave the readers of their history to decide. In turning aside from the general history of such a family, and concentrating our attention on that of one generation only, we are actuated by the feeling that particular interest attaches to the persons concerned. Matthew, twelfth Earl of Lennox, from the position he occupied in the annals of his country, and as Darnley's father, claims a special interest -- and this of a painful kind, for we can claim no sympathy with his character -- and in endeavoring to form some idea of his life and that of his countess Margaret Douglas, we obtain some curious glimpses of the history of the turbulent times in which they lived, and the story of his parents' chequered life enables us to form a better estimate of their unhappy son's youth and surroundings.

Matthew, twelfth Earl of Lennox, and fourth Lord Darnley, was born in Dumbarton Castle, on the Feast of St. Matthew, September 21st, 1516, shortly after the siege of the castle by the Duke of Albany. We hear but little of his early days, save that when he was three years old his father entered into a contract of marriage for him with Christian Montgomerie, daughter of the master of Eglinton. This early planned marriage never took place -- the bridegroom elect was destined to marry a more illustrious bride. In consequence of his father's violent death,

which occurred in the fatal feud between him and the Hamiltons, Matthew and his young brothers, according to one account, appear to have been sent, when quite young, into France, to be placed in safety under the care of their uncle, the Lord of Aubigny, and to be brought up as Frenchmen. But Mr. Fraser quotes documents which prove that Lennox only went to France about the year 1532, when he was a youth of sixteen.*

The years he spent in France may be reckoned the fairest of his life, and in considering his future career we are tempted to regret that he did not find an honored grave in that country, instead of returning to his native land, whose honor he was so often to betray. The Earl of Lennox was appointed to a command in the Scots Guard, and distinguished himself in the war between France and Spain; he was greatly admired by the French for his valor and skill in martial deeds, and his great height and beauty of person enhanced the interest he excited. At length when the earl had reached the age of twenty-six, events took place which invited his return to Scotland. James V. dying in 1542, the Earl of Arran was appointed regent during the minority of the infant queen. This nobleman and Lennox each claimed to be the nearest to the royal succession in the event of the queen's death. It is a curious fact, which we have on the authority of John Knox, that James V. had appointed Matthew heir to the kingdom after the death of his infant sons, but this ambitious dream was of course dispelled on the birth of Mary Stewart. It is said that Cardinal Beaton at this juncture urged upon Lennox that he should return, pointing out to him that Arran's legitimacy was questioned, and that the late king had appointed him next in the succession after the princess Mary. Some motive of the kind, probably, prompted Lennox's movements, and accordingly he landed at Dumbarton on March 31st, 1543. Another secret hope seems to have led Lennox to take this step; he aspired

* The history of the French branch of the Lennox family is full of interest, and the favors shown to its members by the French sovereigns are honorable alike to them and to those who deserved so well of their chosen masters.

* *The Lennox.* By WILLIAM FRASER. Edinburgh: 1874.

to the hand of the queen dowager, Mary of Lorraine, hoping at the same time to take Arran's place as regent of the realm. James Earl of Bothwell returned from exile at the same time, and he was equally anxious to win favor in the eyes of the queen dowager. Lindsay of Pitscottie gives a quaint description of the rival noblemen, and their efforts to gain Mary's good graces, how they "daily frequented the court, striving in magnificence of apparel and in all courtly games the one to exceed the other especially in the queen's sight." Lennox would seem to have carried the day by his superior attractions of person and skill, but neither nobleman received more than fair words in return for his devotion, and after a time Lord Bothwell, "having spent much" in these vain efforts to obtain the royal favor, was obliged to retire from court.

Lennox now found himself disappointed in the hopes he had entertained. At first ranging himself on the side of the queen, he supported her against Arran and his faction, but finding before long that Arran had been reconciled to Cardinal Beaton and the queen's party, and that his own expectations of becoming regent were frustrated, he retired to Dumbarton, making no secret of his resentment and desire for vengeance. At this point Henry VIII., hoping that if he could secure the aid of one of the princes of the blood, he should the better succeed in his designs against Scotland, made overtures to Lennox, proposing to give him in marriage his niece, the Lady Margaret Douglas. Sir Hugh Campbell, sheriff of Ayr, was the agent employed by Sadler to try to withdraw Lennox from his allegiance, and he reports that if Lennox receives money from France he will surely remain steadfast to the queen and the cardinal, but failing this, it would be easy to gain him to the English interest. Sadler himself adds these words in his report to Henry — "and though the sheriff thinketh that the said Lennox would be content to marry the said Lady Margaret Douglas, yet, whether he would have her so, as for her he would leave France (French interest) and adhere firmly to your Majesty he is in great doubt." After the coronation of the

youthful Queen Mary Sadler is able to report more decisively on Lennox's intentions, and in a letter undated, but which was probably written the month following the coronation, he tells his royal master that he has just been visited by a servant of the earl's, who informed him that his master had left the governor and cardinal's party, and having "been hitherto a good Frenchman, he is now a good Englishman, and will bear his heart and service to your Majesty; and very shortly intendeth to despatch a servant of his to your Highness and to the said Lady Margaret, with his full mind in all behalf." However Lennox would seem even yet to have been uncertain as to his course of action. In October, 1543, while still in Dumbarton, he received considerable sums of money from the king of France, with instructions to distribute it according to the advice of the queen mother and the cardinal. Determining to reap the benefit of the French money, and at the same time to marry the king of England's niece, Lennox gave a portion of the gold to the queen, dividing the remainder among his own friends. Indignant at Lennox's conduct, the cardinal and Arran proposed sending an army to Glasgow to seize upon the gold, but Lennox proceeded to Leith and intimated that he was ready to meet the queen's forces in battle; a delay was created, and no fighting took place, but instead, a treaty was signed at Leith to the advantage of the queen's cause. Lennox soon after this despatched a message to France to apologize to the French king for his conduct, and to make protestations of his desire to be recalled to France, and to the society of his friends there; but that being embarked in an enterprise that had his Majesty's especial sanction, and of the success of which (supposing the king did not withdraw his assistance), there was good hope, he could not now desert the queen and his friends, and leave them to the mercy of his enemy the regent.

On January 13th, 1543-4, an agreement was signed at Greenside Chapel, between commissioners of the Earl of Arran, governor of Scotland, on the one side, and on the other, by commissioners

of the Earls of Angus and Lennox, for mutual obedience to the queen, and for brave and true resistance to the old national enemy England. But despite this solemn protestation, we very soon find Lennox and Angus again engaged in warfare against the cardinal and Arran, and far from resisting their English enemy, they are content to seek his aid against their sovereign and country. In March of the same year, Arran laid siege with twelve thousand men to Glasgow Castle, which was garrisoned by some of Lennox's friends. After ten days, the latter were obliged to surrender, which they did under promises of reward from Arran. These promises were cruelly violated, the keepers of the castle, John and William Stuart, being thrown into prison, and the rest of the garrison hanged. Enraged at these proceedings, the Earls of Angus, Lennox, and others of the Anglo-Scottish faction, implored the aid of Henry in opposing the governor and cardinal. Accordingly, Henry directed his commissioners, Lord Wharton and Sir Robert Bowes, to meet the commissioners of the rebel lords, to determine the conditions upon which the English king would agree to send an army into Scotland. Meanwhile Lennox sailed from Dumbarton to England. In May Glencairn having joined Lennox at Carlisle, the two earls joined in an agreement with Henry VIII. of a most treasonable character to their native country. By it they acknowledged Henry as protector of the kingdom of Scotland, and promised to do their best to put him in possession of some of the strongest fortresses in Scotland, especially the castles of Dumbarton, of Rothesay, and the Isle of Bute. They likewise bound themselves to promote the marriage of their infant queen with Prince Edward of England, to place Mary under Henry's care, and to serve him against France and all countries, not excepting Scotland, and to further the cause of the Reformation. The king on his part, to encourage his promising adherents, engaged to continue Lennox as his pensioner, to give him his niece, the Lady Margaret Douglas, in marriage, and to make him governor of Scotland if his schemes should be successful. He also promised to grant

an annual pension of one thousand crowns to the Earl of Glencairn. Lennox had now taken the final step, and henceforth, for many years, we find him foremost in the ranks of his country's enemies. The great marriage to which he aspired, and which was to be the promised reward of his treachery, was now to take place, and it will be well to become acquainted with the chief facts connected with the youth of the illustrious bride.

Margaret Douglas was the daughter of Margaret Tudor, queen to James IV. of Scotland, by her second marriage with the Earl of Angus; and even from her cradle sorrow and misfortune would seem to have been her portion. Her mother, forced to fly from Scotland by the regent Albany, was compelled to take refuge in the Castle of Harbottle, one of the border fortresses, then held by Lord Dacre for Henry VIII., and there, on October 7th-8th, 1515, the Lady Margaret was born, and dreary must have been her surroundings. In consequence of the war between England and Scotland, Dacre refused admission to the queen's Scotch ladies, and it is not probable that a border fortress of that day contained many of the comforts necessary to the hapless royal lady and her infant. Poor Lord Dacre seems to have been much oppressed by his royal guests, and in his report to Henry does not conceal the "unusual cumber" which the arrival of the poor queen caused in his martial household. Lord Dacre did not, however, neglect his duties to the infant princess. She was baptized the day after her birth, and, as Lord Dacre informs her royal uncle, "everything was done pertaining to her honor, and yet only with such convenience as could or might be had in this barren and wild district, the suddenness of the occasion ordained by God's providence being considered." Cardinal Wolsey had promised to stand godfather to the royal child, and was evidently represented by proxy, as in future years the lady Margaret claimed his assistance as her godfather. From some contemporary verses, we gather that Henry had desired that in the event of his sister's child being a daughter, she should be called Margaret, and this royal wish was accordingly com-

plied with. When she was three days old, Margaret's youthful father, the Earl of Angus, arrived at Harbottle with his relatives and followers, and was only admitted by Dacre on the condition that he and those who accompanied him should sign the first treaty which was to make them traitors to their country, an act which was not only an indelible stain on the honor of Angus, but laid the seeds of his daughter's troubles in time to come. Angus was proud of the birth of the child, who formed an important tie between him and her powerful uncle, and, whatever his faults, was an affectionate father, to whom Margaret clung during the stormy days of her youth, for little notice was taken of her by her royal mother. After a month had elapsed, Angus escorted his wife and daughter to Morpeth Castle, Lord Dacre's seat, where the latter remained until the following spring, and then proceeded to London at the invitation of Henry, Angus himself preferring to remain in Scotland.

Tottenham Cross was the spot at which all distinguished visitors from the north were welcomed to the capital, and accordingly Queen Margaret and the infant princess were there greeted by King Henry, who received them with all honor. The little Margaret was greeted at Greenwich Palace by a companion more suitable to her tender years, the princess Mary, destined to be her warm friend through life. Mary, queen dowager of France, and Duchess of Suffolk, also took an especial and tender interest in her little niece. Her terrible uncle took a great fancy to her likewise, and is said to have loved her equally with his daughter Mary, and it was well for her in the days to come that he cherished some affectionate feeling for his "niece Marget," as he was wont to call her in her babyhood. After twelve months spent at Henry's court, Margaret received a hint from her royal brother that it was time she returned home, and from this time little Margaret's troubles began. Angus met her and her mother at Berwick, and accompanied them into Scotland; but he and the queen soon separated, violent quarrels took place between them, and agreement seemed impossible. At last, when Margaret was three years old, Angus withdrew her from her mother's care, and took her to his castle of Tantallon, where he formed a household for her, suitable to her rank, appointing the wife of his brother Sir George Douglas as her governess or first lady. For several years Angus kept possession of his little daughter. When he

was forced, at the second return of the regent Arran to Scotland, to take refuge in England, she accompanied him; and when in 1521 he passed over to France, it seems probable that she followed him and remained with him during his embassy in that country. When the regent Albany finally withdrew to France, and Angus, returning to Scotland, established himself as regent, he had Margaret brought home to him. She was then ten years old, and for three years the poor child enjoyed a comparatively peaceful time. But even these years were embittered by dissensions between her parents, and by the desire of the queen to obtain a divorce from her father. When in 1528 the revolution took place which gave the government into the hands of the young James V. and the queen, Margaret again followed the fortunes of her father, and for months became a wanderer, passing from one stronghold to another, wherever Angus could find a safe shelter for her, until at last her aunt, the Duchess of Suffolk, moved by the thought of her position, exerted herself on Margaret's behalf, and invited her to live with her. After a short time Henry appointed Margaret to reside with the princess Mary, who was then still enjoying her splendid establishment at Beaulieu. Here the cousins renewed the friendship begun in infancy, and formed a close and affectionate intimacy which ended only with Mary's life. If our space permitted us to linger, it would be interesting to trace Margaret's life through the years which followed, but for a full account of her chequered career, with its transient gleams of prosperity, we must refer our readers to Miss Strickland's admirable memoir of our heroine, and content ourselves with a brief statement of the most important events.

For a time Henry showed much affection for his niece, and invited her father to his court, making him (apparently at Margaret's request) large presents of money. During the brief period of Anne Boleyn's triumph, Margaret gained a new friend, and on the birth of the princess Elizabeth, was appointed to be her first lady of honor. It was during this period that Margaret formed the attachment, fated to end so sadly, with Lord Thomas Howard, son of the Duke of Norfolk, and it is evident that Anne's influence at this time induced Henry to look favorably on the lovers. But with the queen's disgrace came that of Margaret and Lord Thomas, and they were both, according to Henry's amiable custom, sent to the Tower. In

vain did the unhappy lovers plead that the king had himself encouraged their affection; the tide of royal favor had turned, and Parliament, hastening to meet Henry's wishes, proceeded to impeach the lord Thomas for treason, for daring to aspire to the hand of the king's niece. Meanwhile, we are not surprised to learn that Margaret fell ill of grief and terror in her dreary prison; and for once it is pleasing to know that her royal mother exerted herself on her behalf. Queen Margaret received the news of her daughter's imprisonment at Perth. The queen, full of anxiety and indignation, thereupon wrote to her royal brother and in no measured terms of reproach. After receiving this missive and several others from his sister, Henry relaxed so far as to permit his unhappy niece to be removed from the Tower and placed in a comparatively mild captivity at Sion House. Here she remained for some time, whilst poor Lord Thomas was still incarcerated in the Tower. Less faithful than her lover, Margaret would seem to have repented her encouragement of his suit, and we find her interceding for forgiveness from her uncle through the medium of Cromwell, and desiring in all things to do his good pleasure. At length, on the birth of Edward VI., Margaret was released from her long imprisonment. Lord Thomas, less fortunate, died in the Tower from fever added to his mental sufferings.

Soon after this, Margaret lost her mother, who, little as she seems to have cared for her daughter during life, strove to make amends to her on her death-bed. She died acknowledging Angus to be her rightful surviving husband, and declaring her penitence for her neglect of Margaret, and confessing that all her personal effects ought to belong to her, on whom she had never expended anything.

Sundry marriages were proposed for Margaret, and, indeed, she incurred Henry's displeasure by encouraging the suit of another scion of the house of Norfolk, Lord Charles Howard, and was, in consequence, again banished for a time from the court; but at the age of twenty-eight Margaret still remained unmarried. We have now reached the moment when Henry, engaged in his schemes against Scotland, thought well to offer his niece's hand as a bribe to Lennox, and we have seen that after some hesitation the latter accepted the honor proposed to him. The circumstances would not seem to promise much happiness to the two persons chiefly concerned; but, as far as his own happi-

ness went, Lennox never engaged in a more fortunate venture, and Margaret, on her side, was ever a most attached wife. The marriage took place on July 6, 1544, at St. James's Palace. The bride, although no longer in the bloom of youth, is described by Buchanan as a princess of unusual comeliness and beauty; and the bridegroom, as we know, was her equal in personal attraction. By the marriage settlement, Lennox promised to endow Margaret with part of his Scotch possessions, and the king, on his side, confirmed the treaty entered into at Carlisle, also granting Lennox land to the value of seventeen hundred merks sterling per annum. Moreover, on his marriage day, Lennox obtained from the king letters of naturalization, thus drawing even closer the bonds which held him pledged to the English interest. Henry graced the marriage feast with his presence, and, during the banquet, made a speech referring specially to the proximity of Lady Margaret to the throne, declaring that should his own heirs fail he should be glad if her heirs succeeded, a prophetic speech, little as Henry himself intended it, and, in fact, those best acquainted with the king considered such a speech to bode little good to the bride. At this time, Margaret's claims to the position of third princess of the blood royal were very evenly balanced. Against her was her mother's divorce from Angus, and subsequent marriage; while in her favor, there was the queen's dying declaration that Angus was her only true surviving husband.

The newly married pair did not enjoy each other's society long. Shortly after the wedding, Lennox, taking leave of his bride, set out on his dishonorable expedition to Scotland, with the intention of molesting the border, and with the hope of securing Dumbarton Castle for Henry. Lennox had left this stronghold under the charge of one of his retainers, Stirling of Glorat, and did not doubt that he would meet with resistance to his intentions. The event proved far otherwise. Stirling admitted Lennox into the castle and acknowledged him as his master, but, more loyal to his country than Lennox, utterly refused to deliver the castle to the English. Lennox, finding that there was a plot among the garrison to give him over to the Scottish government, made good his escape with less dignity than befitted his reputation for valor, and after some successful raids upon the mainland, returned to England. Meanwhile the Scottish Parliament, assembled at Linlithgow,

pronounced Lennox a traitor and declared him to have forfeited his lands and vassals. The king of France, on hearing of Lennox's desertion of the Scots-French interests, showed his displeasure, surely unfairly, by casting his brother, John Stuart of Aubigny, into prison, and depriving him of his offices and dignities. This arbitrary proceeding may have been suggested to Francis by the Scottish government, as there is a memorandum extant, signed by Arran, and addressed to the Scotch ambassador in Paris, in which he is desired to counsel the French king to beware of advancing any of the house of Lennox, in consequence of the treacherous conduct of the head of the Scottish branch.

Margaret would seem to have lived, for some time after her marriage, at Stepney Palace, and here her eldest son, who died in infancy, was born. But as her husband's constant expeditions in the border countries required a more northern residence, she and the earl settled at Temple Newsham, in Yorkshire, until lately the property of Lord D'Arcy and Meynel, who was executed for his share in the pilgrimage of grace. Here, on December 7th, 1545, Margaret gave birth to her second son, who was destined to bring so much sorrow to her maternal heart, and whose unhappy fate invests him with an interest not otherwise belonging to his weak and wayward character. The room in which Darnley was born was long pointed out as the "king's bedchamber," and we are told that the bed was emblazoned with the famous mottoes of the family—"Avant Darnley" and "Jamais derrière"—fatal words, which were ultimately to prove his ruin. Young Darnley never saw his great uncle; and the latter, in consequence of a fresh quarrel with Margaret, shortly before his death did his best to exclude him from the succession of the throne. Henry's death at this moment was perhaps fortunate for Margaret, as it is not unlikely that her tyrant uncle would have sent her again to the Tower. Her worthy husband, meantime, continued to assist in the expeditions across the border. He entered Scotland with Somerset and was present at the battle of Pinkie Cleugh. His memory is, we fear, justly charged with cruelty to his fellow-countrymen on more than one occasion, and his after life was clouded by remorse, and it is to this sentiment that his strange unwillingness to be left alone is attributed. The English government rewarded Lennox's fidelity by grants of land; some of

the property of the disgraced Percys was awarded to him, and he was made keeper of Wressil Castle. He also received a grant of the Percy mansion at Hackney, and this house Lady Margaret retained until her death. At the period at which we now write, however, Margaret resided almost entirely at Temple Newsham, devoting herself to the education of her son Darnley. She desired earnestly to bring him up in the Catholic faith, of which she was herself a faithful member, and selected for his tutor a learned Scotch Catholic priest, John Elder. Under his care the young Darnley made rapid progress with his studies. Music and other graceful accomplishments were added to his more solid acquirements, and when Darnley grew up he was assuredly one of the most highly educated princes of his day. His signature, of which Mr. Fraser gives more than one example, is a beautiful specimen of penmanship, and we are not surprised at Elder's pride in his pupil's success in this and in the more difficult arts of composition and translation. We may presume that Darnley shared his studies with some of his numerous brothers and sisters, but of these younger members of the family little is known. Charles, Lady Margaret's third son, the only one destined to live to the years of manhood, is familiar to us chiefly as the father of the hapless Arabella Stuart.

In the autumn of 1551 Lady Margaret broke the monotony of her life in the north by a journey to London, on the occasion of the visit of the queen dowager of Scotland to the court of Edward VI. The attentions she received from Mary of Lorraine were no doubt gratifying to Margaret, and she made such good use of this favorable opportunity as to obtain leave from Mary to visit Scotland. The English government, after some hesitation, confirmed this permission, and Margaret proceeded to Tantallon to visit her aged father, who, feeling death approach, earnestly desired to see her. Soon after her return home, the death of Edward VI. occurred, an event destined to bring great changes, for a time, in Margaret's life. As the cousin and early companion of the new queen, Margaret was in high favor at court, and the old friendship between the royal ladies was tenderly renewed. On the occasion of Mary's marriage with Philip of Spain Margaret held the position of first lady and custodian of the royal purse. In connection with this office an amusing trait is recorded. When the moment came at which the bridegroom pre-

sents the bride with the offering of money, Philip gave three handfuls of gold and silver as an earnest of the riches in store for his wife. Margaret immediately opened the purse and secured the money within it. The queen was observed to smile at this incident, no doubt recalling the days she and her cousin had passed in which money was often wanting. It is supposed that the young Darnley was likewise present on the occasion of the queen's wedding festivities. Poor Lady Margaret! if this brief time of favor and friendship gladdened her heart, dark days were in store for her at no distant date.

At Mary's death, Margaret may possibly have felt disappointed that her cousin had taken no steps to establish her claim to the throne. However this may have been, she and her husband lost no time in presenting their homages to Queen Elizabeth, and were graciously received by her. It was on this occasion that Elizabeth, after listening with sympathy to Margaret's description of her husband's malady, expressed her opinion that his affectionate wife should never leave him, a piece of advice not likely to be forgotten, and we accordingly find Margaret reminding the queen of it when she and her husband found themselves shut up in separate prisons for months together. The first cloud in Elizabeth's favorable sentiments towards the Lennoxes arose from the same cause which was eventually to bring down on the unlucky Margaret the full force of her cousin's resentment. Great changes had taken place at the court of France, and the young queen of Scotland was now seated upon the French throne. Soon after the accession of Francis and Mary, Margaret determined to make an effort to heal the breach between her family and the queen, trusting to Mary's youth and gentle disposition to forgive the past; the more so, as Mary had never been personally offended by the Lennoxes. She therefore despatched her son's tutor, Elder, to Mary, with affectionate letters of congratulation. These missives were evidently graciously received, as, somewhat later, Margaret sent another envoy to her royal niece, in whom it is surmised that we may recognize Darnley himself. This mysterious visitor was warmly greeted by Francis and Mary, and entertained at Chambord, where the court was spending Christmas. This reception must have rejoiced Margaret, but Queen Elizabeth probably looked upon these interchanges of courtesy with very different eyes. As yet, however, she took no ac-

tive steps to mark her displeasure, and shortly after the death of Francis, Darnley seems to have again visited Queen Mary, bearing letters from his brother. These he delivered to his widowed cousin at Orleans. It is even asserted by one Scottish historian that the marriage with Darnley was arranged at this time between Lady Margaret and Mary. Added to these grave misdemeanors in Elizabeth's eyes, exaggerated reports of speeches made by Margaret were conveyed to her by spies placed at Settrington. Even in her private apartments the poor lady's words were watched. At length, upon receiving the news of the safe landing of Mary in Scotland, Margaret was overheard to express her deep thankfulness for her niece's safety, and this seems to have irritated Elizabeth more than any of her previous delinquencies. Margaret aggravated her offence by sending a messenger into Scotland to congratulate Mary on her return to her kingdom. It would have been impossible, even for Elizabeth, to punish Margaret for expressing favorable sentiments regarding her own niece, but to send an envoy into Scotland to a power lately at war with England, was considered sufficient ground for accusation. Margaret therefore was summoned to London by her imperious cousin, together with her husband, family, and servants. On reaching town, some of the party were incarcerated in the Gate House prison, the Lennoxes and their children being allowed to take up their abode at Westminster Palace. Lord Darnley, however, showed his sense by leaving the palace and concealing himself in the city. Vain search was made for him, and as he eluded pursuit, his parents were made to suffer for his disappearance. At first Margaret was forbidden to leave her residence, and Lennox was committed to the charge of the master of the rolls; but this being too mild a punishment, he was sent a close prisoner to the Tower. His wife was removed to Sheen, together with Lord Charles and another of the younger children, and here they remained for many months. The poor lady made constant appeals to the queen through Cecil, that she and her husband might be united, reminding him of her lord's illness and constitutional melancholy, which, as the queen herself had said, rendered solitude dangerous to him. But months passed before Lennox was restored to his faithful wife, and permitted to share her less rigorous imprisonment. During these months they had both been harassed by the various

accusations made against them. Margaret in particular must have been puzzled by the reports of her own speeches furnished to Cecil by his spies; little can she have thought that words spoken in her own room and probably as quickly forgotten, would be brought against her in this manner. The old charges against her legitimacy were again also brought forward, and for her son's sake Margaret must have felt this bitterly; but Elizabeth dared not press a question in which her own claims must have suffered. After a year or more of captivity, Lennox and his countess were set free, and the latter apparently returned to Settrington. After Elizabeth's serious illness in 1564, during which Margaret's claims to the royal succession were freely discussed in Parliament, the queen showed more favor to her cousins, and gave permission to Lennox to visit Scotland. For a short time Margaret was even permitted to appear at Elizabeth's court together with her son Lord Darnley, and according to her own account he made a favorable impression. Darnley carried the sword before the queen at all state pageants, this being the privilege of the prince nearest the throne, and he was present at the creation of Lord Robert Dudley as Earl of Leicester. On this occasion Elizabeth tried to draw the Scottish ambassador into an acknowledgment as to his preference for Darnley over Leicester as a bridegroom for his mistress. But Melville, too wary to commit himself, pretended to disparage Darnley to the queen, and thus prevent her perceiving that he had any leaning to the match, although, as he himself tells us, he had a secret charge to deal with his mother, the Countess of Lennox, to purchase leave for him to visit Scotland. Poor Lady Margaret was wholly unable to purchase anything of the kind, and the money seems to have been provided by Mary herself, and thus early in the spring 1564-5 Elizabeth granted permission for Darnley to join his father in Scotland. Lennox had before this obtained a pardon from Queen Mary, and leave to return to his native country; but there had been delays, caused partly by the fears of Knox and his party that the return of Lennox and Darnley, both Catholics, would be injurious to their cause. At one moment Elizabeth had even begged that Mary should be asked to revoke the permission given to Lennox to return, but Murray and Maitland refused to forward this appeal to their queen.

Finally, as we have seen, Elizabeth, in

the summer of 1566, had allowed Lennox to cross the border and present himself before Mary, who received him graciously. Before many months were over, the marriage between Mary and Darnley was concluded. Even before the event, Margaret had to suffer for her wishes concerning it. Elizabeth, wreaking her vengeance on Darnley's mother, imprisoned her afresh, and in spite of Queen Mary's warm intercessions on her behalf, Darnley's wedding day found his mother shut up in the Tower, where she was destined to remain during the brief span of her son's elevation, and where she was to receive the news of his awful fate. The exact spot of Margaret's prison in the Tower is known by the discovery of an inscription in a room in that portion of the building now the residence of the governor. The stone bears the record that on the 20th June, 1565, the Lady Margaret Lennox was here imprisoned "for the marriage of her son, my Lord Henry Darnley, with the queen of Scotland." The names of her five attendants are engraved below. And here we must leave the poor lady for a time and follow the fortunes of her husband. Mary and her father-in-law seemed to have been generally on good terms, but his conduct on the occasion of Riccio's murder must have destroyed her confidence in him. Yet, later on, Mary corresponds in a friendly manner with Lennox, and Mr. Fraser gives us a letter hitherto unpublished of an especially interesting character. It is written in September, 1566, at the time when, owing to Darnley's wayward conduct, fresh misunderstandings had arisen between them. Mary states that the importance of the matters in which they disagreed had forced her to take the advice of her Privy Council, and that they had begged the king to state his grievances, as her Majesty was willing to do all in her power to content him; that Darnley had disavowed that he had any cause of discontent or that he entertained the design alleged against him; but his reply was unsatisfactory, and the queen was ignorant of his future intentions. When, a few months later, the terrible tragedy of Darnley's death occurred, Lennox was overwhelmed by the blow. In his grief and desire for vengeance, he turned to Elizabeth for help, imploring her aid against the murderers of his son, her near relative and native-born subject. Shortly before Bothwell's marriage with the queen, Lennox returned to England, and was permitted to join his wife, who was still in a kind of honorable durance.

What a meeting it must have been, and what words can describe the misery Margaret had suffered in her long imprisonment, with its many privations, all of which, however, must have faded into insignificance beside the agony she endured when hearing of her son's death. It was on the afternoon of February 19th, 1567, that the fatal news was conveyed to the wretched mother, aggravated by a rumor that her husband had shared their son's fate. Her grief was so intense as to touch even Cecil, and he hastened to prove to her that it was impossible that Lennox could have perished, as he was known to have been in Glasgow on the night of the murder. Having duly impressed the unhappy Margaret with those suspicions of Mary's guilt which were necessary to their plan of action, Cecil then advised Elizabeth to release Margaret, but the queen took but tardy measures for this, and Darnley had been dead more than a month before Margaret was taken from the Tower, and placed under the charge of the ladies Sackville and Dacre. It was in this position that Lennox found her, and the unhappy couple proceeded in their grief and desolation to follow the secret wishes of Cecil and his mistress. Convinced of Mary's guilt, they became her most bitter accusers, and their appearance in deepest mourning at Elizabeth's court, and their lamentations over Darnley's fate, was a welcome sight to Mary's enemies. At length, when news was brought that Mary had taken refuge in England, Lennox and his wife presented themselves before Elizabeth, demanding vengeance on their daughter-in-law.

"The lady's face," says a contemporary, "was all swelled and stained with tears. She and her lord wore the deepest mourning. They knelt before the queen, and Lady Margaret cried so passionately for vengeance that Queen Elizabeth affected to console her with soothing words, and finished by reproving her, saying, that such accusations must not rest against the good name of the princess without further proof."

When the commission deputed to investigate Darnley's murder, opened its proceedings at Westminster, Lennox made a speech demanding vengeance for the death of his son. Having fulfilled their part in the terrible accusations brought against Mary, the Lennoxes were allowed to return to their home in the north. After the violent death of the regent Moray, the position so long coveted by Lennox became his. Supported by Queen Eliza-

beth, he became regent of Scotland, and obtained the guardianship of the king's grandson. The chief events of his regency are facts of general history, and our limits do not allow us to dwell on them. We therefore purpose restricting ourselves to some notice of the siege of Dumbarton, and of Lennox's death at Stirling, as on these points Mr. Fraser gives some fresh and interesting particulars.

Dumbarton Castle, held for Queen Mary by her devoted adherent Lord Fleming, was much coveted by the regent and his party, and it was Lennox's fortune to secure it through the daring of Captain John Crawford, one of his followers. The purpose of the besiegers was assisted by an event that occurred within the fortress. The wife of one of the garrison had been punished for some small theft by order of the governor; her husband, desiring to avenge her, offered to betray the castle to Lennox, and proposed a scheme to him, which, though dangerous, seemed to be feasible. Lennox confided the execution of the project to Crawford, trusting more in him than in Robertson. On the evening of May 1st (on which day expired the truce between the queen's party and the government), Mr. Drummond of Drumquassel was despatched with some horsemen to prevent any one communicating with the castle. Late at night Crawford followed with the remainder of his men on foot, and after halting for a short time at Dumbuck Hill to address some encouraging words to the troops,

They proceeded in single file to the base of the rock, retaining their places by means of a cord that was held by each of the party, the foremost carrying the scaling ladders. Before reaching the Castle they had many ditches and a deep water, bridged only by a single tree, to cross. It was resolved to attempt to effect an entrance into the Castle at the highest part of the crag called the "Beik," where no sentry was placed, there being no suspicion of danger at that point. A fog which surrounded the upper part of the rock was favorable to the enterprise by screening the assailants from observation. After they had joined the ladders so as to make one of sixty steps, they were yet left twenty steps from a tree above them, to which the guide and Crawford with great difficulty had made their way without ladders, taking with them cords which they fastened to the tree, letting them hang down to the ladder that the men taking hold of the ropes might draw themselves up to the tree. But on the first attempt there was besides a risk of failure from the difficulty of managing the long ladder required by the height of the ascent, and of fixing it with sufficient firmness in the slippery rock. The weight of those

who ascended loosened the hold of the ladder, and several of the party fell to the ground. No harm was however sustained, and fixing the ladder more securely they got to the projecting ledge, where grew an ash-tree, by means of the ropes that were fastened to it.

But here their difficulties were far from ended. They found themselves still a hundred fathoms from the bottom of the wall. The ladder was fixed for a new ascent; but at this stage of the proceedings an accident occurred which might have had serious results. Day was now dawning, and the danger was great of their being discovered by the sentries. The feeling of his peril so affected one of Crawford's men that in climbing the ladder he was seized with a kind of fit, and held on so firmly to the ladder that his comrades could neither pass him nor withdraw his hold from it. But Crawford was equal to the occasion, and binding the poor man securely to the ladder he had it turned round, and the besiegers proceeded on their way. The three men who first scaled the wall were discovered by the sentinels, and the alarm was given. The assailants managed to defend themselves until reinforced by their comrades, who all ascended by the one ladder, and meeting with but feeble resistance the place was soon secured. Fleming made his escape by a postern gate which gave access to the Clyde. Lady Fleming was among Crawford's prisoners, but was treated with much courtesy, and was permitted to depart in safety. Another of the prisoners was John Hamilton, Archbishop of St. Andrews, who, on being removed to Stirling was there cruelly condemned to death, and executed. Crawford was rewarded for his valor by a grant of lands and a pension of £200 a year. At ten o'clock of the day on which the siege took place Lennox dined at Dumbarton.

While her lord was advancing in Elizabeth's good graces by the manner in which he conducted himself in Scotland, the countess, "his good Meg" as he was wont to call her, was residing at Elizabeth's court. Having access to the queen and her ministers, Margaret exerted herself in her husband's interest, and acted as an intermediary between him and the English government. Lennox and his faithful wife were not destined to meet again, and the mutual affection between them, which, on Lennox's side, is the one redeeming point in his character, was soon to be severed by death. After governing Scotland for little more than one short

year, he met his violent end at Stirling, a few days after holding the Parliament at which the infant king made the well-known speech that so greatly startled his leal subjects. These words, "This Parliament has got ane hole in it," coming from the mouth of an infant, were considered prophetic of evil, and Lennox's death seemed to his contemporaries a fulfilment of the child's words.

The assembly at Stirling was considered by the queen's party to be a favorable moment for an attack on the regent, and accordingly a large body of men, with Lord Huntly and other noblemen at their head, left Edinburgh for Stirling on the evening of September 3rd, and reached the latter place at four next morning. The whole town was asleep, and the Parliament, in false security, had posted no sentinels. Making their way to the Market Place, Huntly and his men surrounded the residence of the regent and the chief nobles, and secured Lennox and ten of his friends. So far, success had crowned Huntly's efforts, but now, Lord Mar sallying from the castle with a body of men, and being supported by the citizens, defeated the queen's men and rescued the prisoners, all save one, and he the most important. Lennox was shot in the fray by Captain George Calder, at the instigation, it is said, of Huntly and Lord Claude Hamilton. Lennox had been made prisoners by Spens of Wormiston, who, having been charged by Kirkcaldy of Grange to save the regent's life at any cost, acted so faithfully to these orders that, perceiving Lennox's danger, he threw himself before him, and the bullet passed through his body before reaching its victim. Spens was mercilessly killed by the regent's followers when they came up, in spite of Lennox's earnest entreaties that he should be spared. Although mortally wounded, Lennox continued to ride until he reached the castle. His chief thought was for his grandson the king. His answer to the encouraging words of his friends was, "If the babe be well, all is well."

Knowing that he had but a few hours to live, the regent addressed those around him in the following terms:—

I have now, my lords [he said] to leave you at God's good pleasure, and to go into a world where is rest and peace. Ye know that it was not my ambition but your choice that brought me to the charge I have this while sustained, which I undertook the more willingly that I was persuaded of your assistance in the defence of the infant king, whose protection by

nature and duty I could not refuse. And now, being able to do no more, I must commend him to Almighty God, and to your care, entreating you to continue in the defence of his cause (wherein I do assure you in God's name of your victory), and make choice of some worthy person, fearing God, and affectionate to the king, to succeed unto my place. And I must likewise commend unto your favor my servants, who never have received benefit at my hands, and desire you to remember my love to my wife Meg, whom I beseech God to comfort.

He then said farewell to his friends, begging their prayers, and after spending some hours in prayer, he expired at four o'clock in the afternoon. Lennox was buried in the Chapel Royal at Stirling Castle, where a tombstone was afterwards erected to his memory by his sorrowing wife.

The news of Lennox's death reached Margaret in London, and it seems probable that Elizabeth herself broke the awful tidings to her. No record of Margaret's feelings on the occasion have come down to us, but we who have followed her through the twenty-six years of her married life, and have tested her affection for her husband, can guess what she must have suffered. In memory of her love for Lennox, Margaret caused a jewel to be made, which she constantly wore and which still exists. It is a gold heart, two and a half inches in diameter, richly enamelled and jewelled, and emblazoned with Scotch mottoes and emblematic figures, significant of the countess's sentiments or bearing on the history of the family.

It might have been supposed that Margaret in her lonely widowhood would have been permitted to spend her few remaining years in peace, but when her husband had been dead three years she again incurred Elizabeth's displeasure. This time, Margaret's disgrace was caused by the share taken by her in her son Charles's marriage with Lady Elizabeth Cavendish. The queen evinced the highest displeasure at the match, and summoned the bride and bridegroom to her presence, desiring Margaret to accompany them. Accordingly the disconsolate family party travelled to town from the north through the fogs and mud of December, well knowing the kind of welcome that awaited them. When the Lennoxes reached London, they were desired to keep entirely to their own residence, and above all to speak to none save those permitted to listen to them by the Privy Council. But even this seclusion was not deemed sufficient punishment for

Margaret. After a few days she was removed to the Tower, to undergo her third and last imprisonment in that royal dungeon. Here she spent many weary weeks, and was only released to find a fresh sorrow awaiting her. Her son Charles began to show symptoms of decline, and after a few short months he likewise was taken from her, and the only consolation left to the sorrowing lady was her infant granddaughter, the little Arabella. Margaret's own days were numbered; she never rallied from the death of her son, and fell into a "languishing decay," from which death was soon to release her. Before closing our narrative it is pleasing to record that Margaret, ere this, had become reconciled to her wronged and desolate daughter-in-law, Queen Mary. What it was that wrought this change in Margaret's sentiments we know not, but the fact is certain, and we have interesting proof in an affectionate correspondence between the two ladies. We venture to quote a specimen in a letter of Margaret's to the queen, written from her residence at Hackney, November 10th, 1575.

Margaret Countess of Lennox to Mary Stewart.

It may please your Majesty, I have received your token and mind, both by your letter and other ways much to my comfort, specially perceiving what zealous natural care your Majesty hath of our sweet and peerless jewel in Scotland.* I have been no less fearful and careful as your Majesty of him, that the wicked Governor† should not have power to do ill to his person, whom God preserve from his enemies. Nothing I neglected, but presently upon the receipt of your Majesty's, the Court being far off, I sent one trusty who hath done so much as if I myself had been there, both to understand the past, and for prevention of evil to come. He hath dealt with such as both may and will have regard to our jewel's preservation, and will use a bridle to the wicked when need require.

I beseech your Majesty fear not, but trust in God that all shall be well. The treachery of your traitors is known better than before. I shall always play my part to your Majesty's content, willing God, so as may tend to both our comforts. And now must I yield to your Majesty my most humble thanks for your good remembrances and bounty to our little daughter‡ here who some day may serve Your Highness, Almighty God grant, and to your Majesty long and happy life. Hackney this Vth of November, Your Majesty's most humble and loving Mother and Aunt. M. L.

Indorsed by Thomas Phelipps: "My

* James VI.

† Morton.

‡ Arabella Stuart.

Lady's Grace the Countess of Lennox to the Queen of Scots."

Shortly before this letter was written, Margaret had solaced her imprisonment by working a touching present for the queen, namely, a small square of point lace made of her own hair, now grey, mixed with fine flax threads. That Darnley's own mother, at first Mary's bitter accuser, should have become convinced of her innocence is surely a fact well worthy of attention. More fortunate than her unhappy daughter-in-law, Margaret was permitted to close her days peacefully in her own house at Hackney. In the end death came rather suddenly. On March 15th, 1577-8, the countess was taken violently ill with a complaint to which she was subject, and when after much suffering she experienced relief, it was evident that death was near. She then bade a calm farewell to those around her, expressing her joy at leaving this world; and, after preparing for death and receiving all the rites of the Catholic Church, she peacefully expired, at the age of sixty-two. Margaret died, as she had lived, in poverty, and Queen Elizabeth bore the expenses of her funeral. She was interred at Westminster Abbey, by the side of her son Charles. When James VI., in tardy recognition of his filial duty, raised a tomb to his mother's memory, he likewise erected the altar-tomb to his grandmother, and we now know that the remains of the unfortunate Darnley rest beside those of his mother.

Our task is now done, and in concluding the story of Margaret Lennox and her family we would suggest to our readers that the history of their lives represents but a small portion of the interesting facts contained in the "Lennox Book," which all lovers of Scotch history would do well to study.

From Chambers' Journal.

A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER XII.

THE days ran on for about a week with a suppressed and agitating expectation in them which seemed to Frances to blur and muddle all the outlines, so that she could not recollect which was Wednesday or which was Friday, but felt it all one uncomfortable long feverish sort of day. She could not take the advantage of any pleasure there might be in them — and it

was a pleasure to watch Constance, to hear her talk, to catch the many glimpses of so different a life, which came from the careless, easy monologue which was her style of conversation — for the exciting sense that she did not know what might happen any moment, or what was going to become of her. Even the change from her familiar place at table, which Constance took without any thought, just as she took her father's favorite chair on the loggia, and the difference in her room, helped to confuse her mind, and add to the feverish sensation of a life altogether out of joint.

Constance had not observed any of those signs of individual habitation about the room which Frances had fancied would lead to a discovery of the transfer she had made. She took it quite calmly, not perceiving anything beyond the ordinary in the chamber which Frances had adorned with her sketches, with the little curiosities she had picked up, with all the little collections of her short life. It was wanting still in many things which to Constance seemed simple necessities. How was she to know how many things were in it which were luxuries to that primitive locality? She remained altogether unconscious, accordingly, of the sacrifice her sister had made for her, and spoke lightly of poor Frances's pet decorations, and of the sketches, the authorship of which she did not take the trouble to suspect. "What funny little pictures," she had said. "Where did you get so many odd little things? They look as if the frames were home-made, as well as the drawings."

Fortunately, she was not in the habit of waiting for an answer to such a question, and she did not remark the color that rose to Frances's cheeks. But all this added to the disturbing influence, and made these long days look unlike any other days in her life. She took the other side of the table meekly with a half-smile at her father, warning him not to say anything; and she lodged in the blue room without thinking of adding to its comforts, for what was the use, so long as this possible alteration hung over her head? Life seemed to be arrested during these half-dozen days. They had the mingled colors and huddled outlines of a spoiled drawing; they were not like anything else in her life, neither the established calm and certainty that went before, nor the strange novelty that followed after.

There were no confidences between her father and herself during this period.

Since their conversation on the night of Constance's arrival, not a word had been said between them on the subject. They mutually avoided all occasion for further talk. At least Mr. Waring avoided it, not knowing how to meet his child, or to explain to her the hazard to which her life was exposed. He did not take into consideration the attraction of the novelty, the charm of the unknown mother and the unknown life, at which Frances permitted herself to take tremulous and stealthy glimpses as the days went on. He contemplated her fate from his own point of view as something like that of the princess who was doomed to the dragon's maw, but for the never-to-be forgotten interposition of St. George, that emblem of chivalry. There was no St. George visible on the horizon, and Waring thought the dragon no bad emblem of his wife. And he was ashamed to think that he was helpless to deliver her; and that, by his fault, this poor little Una, this hapless Andromeda, was to be delivered over to the waiting monster.

He avoided Frances, because he did not know how to break to her this possibility, or how, since Constance probably had made her aware of it, to console her in the terrible crisis at which she had arrived. It was a painful crisis for himself as well as for her. The first evening on which, coming into the loggia to smoke his cigarette after dinner, he had found Constance extended in his favorite chair had brought this fully home to him. He strolled out upon the open-air room with all the ease of custom, and for the first moment he did not quite understand what it was that was changed in it, that put him out, and made him feel as if he had come, not into his own familiar domestic centre, but somebody else's place. He hung about for a minute or two, confused, before he saw what it was; and then, with a half-laugh in his throat, and a mingled sense that he was annoyed, and that it was ridiculous to be annoyed, strolled across the loggia, and half seated himself on the outer wall, leaning against a pillar. He was astonished to think how much annoyed he was, and with what a comical sense of injury he saw his daughter lying back so entirely at her ease in his chair. She was his daughter, but she was a stranger, and it was impossible to tell her that her place was not there. Next evening he was almost angry, for he thought that Frances might have told her, though he could not. And indeed Frances had done what she could to warn her sister of

the usurpation. But Constance had no idea of vested rights of this description, and had paid no attention. She took very little notice, indeed, of what was said to her, unless it arrested her attention in some special way; and she had never been trained to understand that the master of a house has sacred privileges. She had not so much as known what it is to have a master to a house.

This and other trifles of the same kind gave to Waring something of the same confused and feverish feeling which was in the mind of Frances. And there hung over him a cloud as of something further to come, which was not so clear as her anticipations, yet was full of discomfort and apprehension. He thought of many things, not of one thing, as she did. It seemed to him not impossible that his wife herself might arrive some day as suddenly as Constance had done, to reclaim her child, or to take away his, for that was how they were distinguished in his mind. The idea of seeing again the woman from whom he had been separated so long, filled him with dread; and that she should come here and see the limited and reclusive life he led, and his bare rooms, and his homely servants, filled him with a kind of horror. Rather anything than that. He did not like to contemplate even the idea that it might be necessary to give up the girl, who had flattered him by taking refuge with him and seeking his protection; but neither was the thought of being left with her and having Frances taken from him endurable. In short, his mind was in a state of mortal confusion and tumult. He was like the commander of a besieged city, not knowing on what day he might be summoned to surrender; not able to come to any conclusion whether it would be most wise to yield, or if the state of his resources afforded any feasible hopes of holding out.

Constance had been a week at the palazzo before the trumpets sounded. The letters were delivered just before the twelve o'clock breakfast, and Frances had received so much warning as this, that Mariuccia informed her there had been a large delivery that morning. The signor padrone had a great packet; and there were also some letters for the other young lady, Signorina Constanza. "But never any for thee, carina," Mariuccia had said. The poor girl thus addressed had a momentary sense that she was indeed to be pitied on this account, before the excitement of the certainty, that now something definite must be known as to what was to

become of her, swelled her veins to bursting; and she felt herself grow giddy with the thought that what had been so vague and visionary might now be coming near, and that in an hour or less she would know. Waring was as usual shut up in his bookroom; but she could see Constance on the loggia with her lap full of letters, lying back in the long chair as usual, reading them as if they were the most ordinary things in the world. Frances for her part had to wait in silence until she should learn from others what her fate was to be. It seemed very strange that one girl should be free to do so much, while another of the same age could do nothing at all.

Waring came in to breakfast with the letters in his hand. "I have heard from your mother," he said, looking straight before him, without turning to the right or the left. Frances tried to appropriate this to herself, to make some reply, but her voice died in her throat; and Constance, with the easiest certainty that it was she who was addressed, answered before she could recover herself.

"Yes? So have I. Mamma is rather fond of writing letters. She says she has told you what she wishes, and then she tells me to tell you. I don't suppose that is of much use?"

"Of no use at all," said he. "She is pretty explicit. She says —"

Constance leant over the table a little, holding up her finger. "Don't you think, papa," she said, "as it is business, that it would be better not to enter upon it just now? Wait till we have had our breakfast."

He looked at her with an air of surprise. "I don't see," he said — then, after a moment's reflection: "Perhaps you are right, after all. It may be better not to say anything just now."

Frances had recovered her voice. She looked from one to another as they spoke with a cruel consciousness that it was she, not they, who was most concerned. At this point she burst forth with feelings not to be controlled. "If it is on my account, I would rather know at once what it is," she cried.

And then she had to bear the looks of both — her father's astonished half-remorseful gaze, and the eyes of Constance, which conveyed a warning. Why should Constance, who had told her of the danger, warn her now not to betray her knowledge of it? Frances had got beyond her own control. She was vexed by the looks which were fixed upon her, and by the

supposed consideration for her comfort which lay in their delay. "I know," she said quickly, "that it is something about me. If you think I care for breakfast, you are mistaken; but I think I have a right to know what it is, if it is about me. O papa, I don't mean to be — disagreeable," she cried suddenly, sinking into her own natural tone as she caught his eye.

"That is not very much like you, certainly," he said, in a confused voice.

"Evil communications," said Constance, with a laugh. "I have done her harm already."

Frances felt that her sister's voice threw a new irritation into her mood. "I am not like myself," she said, "because I know something is going to happen to me, and I don't know what it is. Papa, I don't want to be selfish, but let me know, please, only let me know what it is."

"It is only that mamma has sent for you," said Constance lightly. "That is all. It is nothing so very dreadful. Now, do let us have our breakfast in peace."

"Is that true, papa?" Frances said.

"My dear little girl — I had meant to explain it all — to tell you — and I have been so silly as to put off. Your sister does not understand how we have lived together, Frances, you and I."

"Am I to go, papa?"

He made a gesture of despair. "I don't know what to do. I have given my promise. It is as bad for me as for you, Frances. But what am I to do?"

"I suppose," said Constance, who had helped herself very tranquilly from the dish which Domenico had been holding unobserved at his master's elbow, "that there is no law that could make you part with her, if you don't wish to. Promises are all very well with strangers; but they are never kept — are they? — between husband and wife. The father has all the right on his side; and you are not obliged to give either of us up. What a blessing," she cried suddenly, "to have servants who don't understand! That was why I said don't talk of it till after breakfast. But it does not at all matter. It is as good as if he were deaf and dumb. Papa, you need not give her up unless you like."

Waring looked at his daughter with mingled attention and anger. The suggestion was detestable, but yet —

"And then," she went on, "there is another thing. It might have been all very well when we were children; but now we are of an age to judge for ourselves. At eighteen you can choose which you will stay with. Oh, younger than that. There

have been several trials in the papers. No one can force Frances to go anywhere she does not like, at her age."

"I wish," he said with a little irritation, restrained by politeness, for Constance was still a young-lady visitor to her father, "that you would leave this question to be discussed afterwards. Your sister was right, Frances — after breakfast — after I have had a little time to think of it. I cannot come to any decision all at once."

"That is a great deal better," said Constance approvingly. "One can't tell all in a moment. Frances is like mamma in that too. She requires you to know your own mind — to say yes or no at once. You and I are very like each other, papa. I shall never hurry your decision, or ask you to settle a thing in a moment. But these cutlets are getting quite cold. Do have some before they are spoiled."

Waring had no mind for the cutlets, to which he helped himself mechanically. He did not like to look at Frances, who sat silent, with her hands clasped on the table, pale, but with a light in her eyes. The voice of Constance running on, forming a kind of veil for the trouble and confusion in his own mind, and doubtless in that of her sister, was half a relief and half an aggravation; he was grateful for it, yet irritated by it. He felt himself to play a very poor figure in the transaction altogether, as he had felt ever since she arrived. Frances, whom he had regarded as a child, had sprung up into a judge, into all the dignity of an injured person, whose right to complain of the usage to which she had been subjected no one could deny. And when he stole a furtive glance at her pale face, her head held high, the new light that burned in her eyes, he felt that she was fully aware of the wrong he had done her, and that it would not be so easy to dictate what she was to do, as everybody up to this moment had supposed. He saw, or thought he saw, resistance, indignation in the gleam that had been awakened in Frances's dove's eyes. And his heart fell — yet rose also — for how could he constrain her, if she refused to go? He had no right to constrain her. Her mother might complain; but it would not be his doing. On the other side, it would be shameful, pitiable on his part to go back from his word — to acknowledge to his wife that he could not do what he had pledged himself to do.

In every way it was an uncomfortable breakfast, all the forms of which he followed, partly for the sake of Constance, partly for that of Domenico. But Frances

ate nothing, he could see. He prolonged the meal, through a sort of fear of the interview afterwards, of what he must say to her, and of what she should reply. He felt ashamed of his reluctance to encounter this young creature, whom a few days ago he had smiled at as a child; and ashamed to look her in the face, to explain and argue with, and entreat, where he had been always used to tell her to do this and that, without the faintest fear that she would disobey him. If even he had been left to tell her himself of all the circumstances, to make her aware gradually of all that he had kept from her (for her good), to show her now how his word was pledged! But even this had been taken out of his hands.

All this time, no one talked but Constance, who went on with an occasional remark and with her meal, for which she had a good appetite. "I wish you would eat something, Frances," she said. "You need not begin to punish yourself at once. I feel it dreadfully, for it is all my fault. It is I who ought to lose my breakfast, not you. If you will take a few hints from me, I don't think you will find it so bad. Or, perhaps, if we all lay our heads together, we may see some way out of it. Papa knows the law, and I know the English side, and you know what you think yourself. Let us talk it all over, and perhaps we may see our way."

To this Frances made no reply save a little inclination of her head, and sat with her eyes shining, with a certain proud air of self-control and self-support, which was something quite new to her. When the uncomfortable repast could be prolonged no longer, she was the first to get up. "If you do not mind," she said, "I want to speak to papa by himself."

Constance had risen too. She looked with an air of surprise at her little sister. "Oh, if you like," she said; "but I think you will find that I can be of use."

"If you are going to the bookroom, I will come with you, papa," said Frances; but she did not wait for any reply; she opened the door and walked before him into that place of refuge, where he had been sheltering himself all these days. Constance gave him an inquiring look, with a slight shrug of her shoulders.

"She is on her high horse, and she is more like mamma than ever; but I suppose I may come all the same."

He wavered a moment; he would have been glad of her interposition, even though it irritated him; but he had a whimsical sense of alarm in his mind, which he could

not get over. He was afraid of Frances — which was one of the most comical things in the world. He shook his head, and followed humbly into the bookroom, and himself closed the door upon the intruder. Frances had seated herself already at his table, in the seat which she always occupied when she came to consult him about the dinner, or about something out of the usual round which Mariuccia had asked for. To see her seated there, and to feel that the door was closed against all intrusion, made Waring feel as if all this disturbance was a dream. How good the quiet had been; the calm days, which nothing interfered with; the little housekeeper, whose childlike prudence and wisdom were so quaint, whose simple obedience was so ready, who never, save in respect to the *spese*, set up her own will or way. His heart grew very soft as he sat down and looked at her. No, he said to himself; he would not break that old bond; he would not compel his little girl to leave him, send her out as a sacrifice. He would rather stand against all the wives in the world.

"Papa," said Frances, "a great deal of harm has been done by keeping me ignorant. I want you to show me mamma's letter. Unless I see it, how can I know?"

This pulled him up abruptly and checked the softening mood. "Your mother's letter," he said, "goes over a great deal of old ground. I don't see that it could do you any good. It appears I promised — what Constance told you, with her usual coolness — that one of you should be always left with her. Perhaps that was foolish."

"Surely, papa, it was just."

"Well, I thought so at the time. I wanted to do what was right. But there was no right in the matter. I had a perfect right to take you both away, to bring you up as I pleased. It would have been better, perhaps, had I done what the law authorized me to do. However, that need not be gone into now. What your sister said was quite true. You are at an age when you are supposed to judge for yourself, and nobody in the world can force you to go where you don't want to go."

"But if you promised; and if — my mother trusted to your promise?" There was something more solemn in that title, than to say "mamma." It seemed easier to apply it to the unknown.

"I won't have you made a sacrifice of, on my account," he said hastily.

He was surprised by her composure, by that unwonted light in her eyes. She

answered him with great gravity, slowly, as if conscious of the importance of her conclusion. "It would be no sacrifice," she said.

Waring, there could be no doubt, was very much startled. He could not believe his ears. "No sacrifice? Do you mean to say that you want to leave me?" he cried.

"No, papa: that is, I did not. I knew nothing. But now that I know, if my mother wants me, I will go to her. It is my duty. And I should like it," she added, after a pause.

Waring was dumb with surprise and dismay. He stared at her, scarcely able to believe that she could understand what she was saying. He, who had been afraid to suggest anything of the kind, who had thought of Andromeda and the virgins who were sacrificed to the dragon, he gazed aghast at this new aspect of the face with which he was so familiar, the uplifted head and shining eyes. He could not believe that this was Frances, his always docile, submissive, un-empowered girl.

"Papa," she said, "everything seems changed, and I too. I want to know my mother; I want to see — how other people live."

"Other people!" He was glad of an outlet for his irritation. "What have we to do with other people? If it had not been for this unlucky arrival, you would never have known."

"I must have known some time," she said. "And do you think it right that a girl should not know her mother — when she has a mother? I want to go to her, papa."

He flung out of his chair with an angry movement, and took up the keys which lay on his table, and opened a small cabinet which stood in the corner of the room, Frances watching him all the time with the greatest attention. Out of this he brought a small packet of letters, and threw them to her with a movement which, for so gentle a man, was almost violent. "I kept these back for your good, not to disturb your mind. You may as well have them, since they belong to you — now," he said.

From The Contemporary Review.

NATIVE FAITHS IN THE HIMALAYAH.

IT is generally admitted that manners and customs change more slowly in a

mountainous than in an open country; and northern India is no exception to the rule. Moreover, in the wide plains of the Punjab the hordes of Mahomedan iconoclasts, which have again and again swept over them, have left little trace of the ancient idols. A great portion of the population, too, has been converted, more or less forcibly, to Islam.

The Himalayan districts, on the other hand, owing to the difficult nature of the country, as well, perhaps, as to its comparative poverty, have escaped to a great extent the fire and sword of the invader. And the people have been left to follow their ancient customs, and to retain their ancient faiths.

Here, then, may be found traces of religions and rites which have descended from very early ages. Some of these seem to have altogether disappeared from the more accessible parts of India, while others, which here still remain outside the Brahmanic pale, have elsewhere become merged in orthodox Hinduism. The people who observe these unorthodox rites, although they are in many cases the descendants of aboriginal tribes, all consider themselves Hindus. And they are gradually adopting — many have already adopted — Hindu customs, including that of caste. Speaking of the objects of their worship, they invariably call them "Hindu gods," although many of them have not as yet any place in the Hindu pantheon.

Many causes tend to the extinction of these ancient faiths, but their most formidable enemy is Brahmanism.

The rajahs have long been under Brahmanic influence; orthodoxy being necessary for intermarriage with other royal houses. At the capital of every small state are temples, the worship of which is conducted by Brahmans imported from Hindustan, or by their descendants. Few of these temples are very ancient, and the story told of them by the people is almost everywhere the same — viz., that Rajah So-and-so built the temples and sent for Brahmans from Benares.

For a long time, although Brahmanical Hinduism was the religion of the court, the old deotas (gods) were worshipped by the people, who rarely visited the orthodox temples. The latter were supported by the rajah from State revenues, often to the neglect of roads and useful works. Now, however, as civilization extends and wealth increases, Brahmanism becomes more and more fashionable. The rich trader and successful native official be-

come strong supporters of the orthodox faith. They display at once their wealth and their piety by erecting and endowing new Brahmanical temples. And, under the guidance and protection of the Brahmans, they look down upon the old and barbarous gods whom they revered before they left their native villages. Again, owing to a strong police and the extension of railways, travelling has become safe and easy. Hence, pilgrimages to the holy places of orthodox Hinduism have become possible to numbers who would otherwise have been content with an occasional visit to the deotas in their immediate neighborhood. Indeed, many of the principal temples have travelling agents, who personally conduct crowds of pilgrims from distant places.

All this tends strongly to the spread of Brahmanism, and is powerfully assisted by the missionary influence of the wandering ascetics. Brahmans, too, in search of a livelihood, sometimes undertake to conduct the worship of the outcast deotas; and in time succeed in persuading the villagers that they are identical with some of the orthodox divinities.

The most popular of the Brahmanical deities in northern India at the present day are Shib, or Siva, and his consort Devi, or Kali. There is therefore a constant tendency for male deotas to become identified with the former, and for female divinities to assume the name of the latter.

An instance of this supplanting of the deotas by the Brahmanical gods is to be seen at a temple in the Kangra district. This was originally a serpent deota, and was known as Baghsu Nag; but the temple has now, under Brahmanical auspices, become sacred to Siva, and has changed its name to Baghsu-nath. The old stone figure of the snake still remains under a tree close by; but Siva, as the *linga*, occupies the temple and receives all the attention of the officiating priest.

The nag would probably have disappeared, had it not been that the country people still bring offerings for it. The Brahman told me, with a knowing look, that it was believed that, if the nag did not receive his dues, the calves would die and the cows dry up.

On more than one occasion, I have heard wandering religious devotees assure the people of a village that their deota was identical with Siva or some other orthodox divinity. The rustics are often flattered to find their god is so famous, and are persuaded without much difficulty

to adopt the new title. At the temple of the Jibi Deota, however, an image of Siva, which some one had presented, was placed outside, and was said to be an attendant (*naukar*) of the deota.

Before going further, I may mention some peculiarities which, though they vary somewhat in different localities, are common to nearly all the "deotas of the hills." The first of these is, that the priests are very seldom orthodox Brahmans. They often call themselves "Brahmans of this country." But they are people of the tribe or district, and do not belong to any of the recognized Brahmanical families. They know little or nothing of the Brahmanical scriptures or ceremonies; are held in little estimation beyond their own neighborhood or tribe; and in many places intermarry with other castes. They are of course not acknowledged by the orthodox Brahmans. These men are probably descendants of the priests of the aboriginal tribes, who have gradually assumed Brahmanical rank. In other cases the priests are of various castes and tribes, and do not pretend to be Brahmans.

The temple of each deota, whether a Brahman is attached to it or not, has a priest or seer, who is called the *chela*. This office, which has some resemblance to that of the Hebrew prophets, is sometimes hereditary, and sometimes elective. The *chela* is sometimes one of the so-called Brahmans of the country, but never an orthodox Brahman.

There may be no Brahman, orthodox or local, but no deota is without a *chela*. Where there is a Brahman priest, the *chela* appears to be a coadjutor and not a subordinate. In fact, he seems to represent the ancient priest. The *chela* generally belongs to one of the higher castes; but he not unfrequently belongs to one of the low castes, or to one of the outcast aboriginal tribes; and this, even when acting as coadjutor to an orthodox Brahman. In any case, however, the *chela* is the mouthpiece and inspired representative of the deota.

At the great temple of Siva at Burmaor, although the priests are now orthodox Brahmans, the *chela* belongs to the outcast Koli tribe. The Kolis are the aborigines of that part of the country; and to them, no doubt, the original temple belonged.

Occasionally, as in this instance, a *chela* is to be found attached to an orthodox Brahmanical temple, but only where it has supplanted one of the old deotas.

The existence of a *chela*, in the sense in which the term is used in these hills, is quite opposed to the Brahmanical system. According to the orthodox doctrine, the public worship of the gods can be conducted by none but Brahmans. In the worship of these outcast deotas, on the contrary, the presence of a Brahman is not required; but that of the *chela* is essential. The latter becomes inspired or possessed by the deota; and a sacrifice is incomplete and useless without him.

At sacrifices the Brahman repeats Sanskrit texts, if he knows any, and incenses the *chela* while in the state of sacred frenzy. But it is the *chela* who gasps out the commands of the deota, as he shivers and writhes under the divine afflatus, and the vigorous application of the *soongul* or iron scourge.

Whether the *chela's* frenzy is always genuine or not may be doubtful, but there can be no doubt as to the earnestness of the worshippers. I have seen a fine athletic young man use the *soongul* so energetically, to his own back and shoulders, that the blood ran down in streams and the punishment was most severe.

This scourge is a formidable instrument. It is somewhat like the old cat-o'-nine-tails in shape, but has only five tails, and is made entirely of iron. Each tail is formed of three links, and is terminated by a sharp, lancet-shaped blade. The weight of a *soongul* varies from two to ten pounds.

A few years ago I was invited by one of the head men of the Guddi tribe, in the Ravi valley, to a great sacrifice, which was to be offered to the snake god, Kailung Nag. The object of the sacrifice was to ensure fine weather for the sowing.

I arrived at the temple early, as I wished to see the preliminary arrangements, and was much amused at the rather niggardly way in which the assembled villagers subscribed the necessary sum for the purchase of the victim. After some time an old woman stood up, and made a vigorous speech, asking the men how they could expect any favor from the deota when they contributed so grudgingly. This soon produced the requisite amount; and a man was sent to buy a sheep.

The men then sat round in a circle near the temple, and the women sat by themselves at a little distance. The music struck up, and some of the men and boys began to dance, the *chela* amongst them.

After a time the music became wilder and the dance more energetic. The *chela*

then produced the soongul, and, stripping to the waist, applied it to his own back and shoulders, amid shouts from the spectators of *Kailung Maharaj ki jai!* ("Victory to the great king Kailung"). An orthodox Brahman, attached to the temple, burned incense and repeated muntras. At length, all being ready, the head of the victim was struck off with an axe. The body was then lifted up by several men, and the chela, seizing upon it like a tiger, drank the blood as it spouted from the neck. When all the blood had been sucked from the carcass, it was thrown down upon the ground amid yells and shouts of "*Kailung Maharaj ki jai!*" The dancing was then renewed and became more violent, until, after many contortions, the chela gasped out that the deota accepted the sacrifice, and that the season would be favorable. This was received with renewed shouts, and the chela sank down upon the ground in a state of exhaustion. Water was poured over him, and he was vigorously fanned till he showed signs of revival. The assembly then began to disperse.

The fierce excitement of the people, and the wild frenzy of the chela as he flogged himself with the soongul, and as like a beast of prey he sucked the blood of the victim, made up a scene not to be easily forgotten.

The office of chela, the use of the soon-gul, and other rites, which no doubt originally belonged to the deotas of the aboriginal tribes, have now extended to other divinities of later date. In fact, they are now universal in the Punjab Himalayah, except in connection with orthodox Brahmanical temples. Even Sidh or Budha and the demigod Googah have their chelas, as also has one shrine at least of the Mussulman saint, Lakh Data.

To most of the temples of the hill deotas musicians are attached. They are generally hereditary servants of the temple, and receive a share of the offerings.

A curious feature in the worship of some of these deotas is the erection near the temple of a tall mast, usually a pine-tree stripped of its branches. Upon the summit of this *thamba* the deota is supposed to rest when sacrifices are offered to him, or festivals are held in his honor. Sometimes the worshippers dance round it. (Can this have been the origin of our Maypole?)

A smaller pole is sometimes carried round from house to house by the chela and other officials of a deota, when contributions are received from the persons

visited. This pole is often ornamented by strips of colored cloth being wound round it, and in some cases it is surmounted by a tuft of feathers. It is occasionally fanned with a chowry, or yak's tail, thus showing its sacred character; and it is called by the name of the deota, as if the divinity were present.

May not these resting-places for the deotas represent the "grove" which is so often mentioned in the Bible in connection with idol worship, and which Biblical scholars have found so difficult to identify?

At the fire temple of Jowala Mukhi is a tall mast covered with plates of copper. On my asking the chief Brahman what it was, he hesitated, and then said it had no use. It was no doubt originally one of the masts which I have just described, and was connected with rites which have now become unorthodox.

The stambhas, or stone pillars, found in connection with Jain, Buddhist, and Vaishnava temples, in several parts of India and in Nepal, had no doubt their origin in these wooden resting-places for the deotas. At Vaishnava temples the pillars are usually surmounted by a figure of Garuda, the eagle upon which Vishnu is supposed to ride.

These pillars seem to have been common to several of the ancient religions of the East.

In the valleys near the plains the unorthodox deotas occupy an inferior position, and are usually meanly lodged in roofless enclosures of rough stones, in small, rudely built temples, or under trees. Here the principal temples are sacred to the worship of the deities of modern Hinduism. In the more remote districts, however, the deotas of the hills have few rivals, and their temples are often imposing. They are generally of timber, very massively built, and are often adorned with elaborate carving. In fact, the timber stage of Indian architecture, referred to by Fergusson, here still survives; and the resemblance between these wooden temples and some of the sculptured stone edifices represented in his works is very striking. Whatever the name of the deota, the plan of the temple is generally the same. An inner cell of wood, or more rarely of stone, contains the god—usually a rough stone or a rudely carved image. Over this cell, and extending a little beyond it at the back and sides, is a wooden roof, with overhanging eaves, supported by massive wooden pillars. This roof is prolonged in front so as to

form a pillared hall, in which the worshippers assemble, and in which sacrifices are offered. Travellers are allowed to lodge in the hall, but women are not usually admitted. Sometimes a high pyramidal structure is raised over the cell, but in most cases the roof is of the same height throughout. The carving is sometimes very elaborate, the serpent being almost invariably introduced. A fringe of carved wooden tassels round the eaves, so arranged as to wave in the wind, is a common decoration.

The deota worshipped in some of these temples is Shib, and in others Devi; and it is sometimes doubtful whether these are the original deities for whom the temples were erected. Doubtless, however, these were the deities of some of the aboriginal tribes, and they are perhaps here seen in their original form. They are worshipped with the same rites as the other deotas.

The Kylas peak, at the source of the Sutlej, and the peak of Munh Mahesh, at the head of the Ravi, are both considered as the home of Siva, and as such are visited by crowds of pilgrims from India and the countries beyond the Himalayah. Other mountain peaks, too, are believed to be the abode of particular deotas.

All the deotas of the hills have their melas, or festivals. The people flock to these from great distances to do honor to the god, to meet their friends, and to do a little business in buying or selling. Swinging-boats, merry-go-rounds, or other amusements, are provided, as at an English fair.

The women, who are the great supporters of the melas, are allowed much more liberty on these occasions than at any other time. Dressed in their best, and decked with the family jewels, they make up parties, and travel under the escort of one or two male friends. They relieve the tedium of the journey by singing in chorus. The songs are sometimes in honor of the deota, and sometimes not. And the ladies, to make up for their good behavior during the rest of the year, are often quite ready to exchange a little badinage with the passers-by, especially if the male escort does not happen to be near.

Besides these melas, pilgrimages of a private nature are often performed in fulfilment of vows made during sickness or trouble, or by married women without families. When, in such cases, the pilgrimage results successfully, the deota soon becomes popular, and his fame

spreads to distant places. It matters little what the name or attributes of the deota may be, if pilgrimages to his shrine are attended with success. Siva, Devi, the nag, Sidh, Lakh Data, and others are each visited by women of all ranks, castes, and degrees of orthodoxy.

In these cases the journey is generally made by night; and, apparently to prevent any evasion, a mark is made at every few yards upon a stone or some object near the road. These marks are made with a mixture of rice-flour and water, and are called *likhnoo* (writing). Each deota has his appropriate mark; thus, Shib has a circle with a line drawn through it; Devi, a circle; Sidh, a pair of footprints; etc.

Besides the ordinary sacrifices there are votive offerings, as in the Catholic Church, in fulfilment of vows made during sickness or misfortune. To Sidh is usually presented a pair of wooden sandals; to the nag, a small iron or wooden snake; to Shib, a trident; and to Devi, a sword or trident. Sometimes a man vows a new bullock-yoke, or hoe; or a woman vows a spinning-wheel; and these, or small models of them, are deposited in the temple.

Of all the unorthodox deotas, the one known as Deo (god) most nearly approaches to our idea of the Deity. His altars are on the mountain-tops or in solitary places. They are simple, square platforms of unwrought stones, without any temple or enclosure. No image is placed upon them, but sometimes a rough stone is set up. The platform is sometimes almost covered with votive offerings of flowers, grain, or models of farm or other implements.

The attributes of the Deo are far more sublime than those of the other deotas. The latter are often malevolent beings, to be dreaded, and to be appeased by bloody rites. But the Deo is beneficent. The people say, "He has no form, is never seen, but is everywhere, and sees everything even at night." And he only punishes men when they do wrong, or do not fulfil their vows.

Sacrifices of goats are made to the Deo, but more frequently the offerings are of the fruits of the earth.

The altars of the Deo are not to be met with everywhere, but they are numerous in some districts. I have never seen a newly built one.

In the Himalayan villages are numbers of deotas, many of them doubtless the deities of broken aboriginal tribes. These are known usually by the name of the vil-

lage to which they belong; but each has also a distinct name, as *Than*, *Changnoo*, *Khoroo*, etc.

Sometimes several villages have the same deota. When this is the case, the image of the god, with his chela, musicians, and other officials, visits the different villages in turn, and then high festival is held. On these occasions the deota travels in a small litter, somewhat like the representations of the ark of the Hebrews, which is carried on men's shoulders; and on approaching a village the musicians strike up, and some of the people dance before it.

Dancing is a very important rite in some districts, but less so in others. In Kulu a former rajah, under Brahmanical influence, introduced an image of *Rugho-nath* from Benares, and, to ensure the supremacy of the new god, he ordered that all the deotas in the state should assemble once a year at the capital to dance before the idol. This order is still obeyed by some two hundred gods.

The most popular of all the deotas is the nag, or serpent. Throughout the hill country the wooden or stone representation of the nag may be found in every village.

Although probably introduced by some of the Scythic invaders, the worship of the serpent is not now confined to any particular tribe or caste. It is perhaps to be met with more especially amongst shepherds and herdsmen, but is not by any means confined to them. If ill befalls the cattle or rain fails for the crops, the nag is always propitiated. He is especially the guardian of cattle and of water-springs.

According to the legend, the valleys of Kashmere and Nepal were both at some remote period lakes or marshes, the abode of nags.

The first milk of a cow is usually presented to the nag; and goats or sheep are sacrificed to him, as to the other deotas.

So far as I am aware, the only place in the Himalayah where the living snake is worshipped is at the foot of the *Rotung* Pass. Here a number of small harmless snakes live amongst the rocks, and are worshipped as the *Nag Deota*, or *Nag Kire*. These snakes are venerated both by the Kulu people, who consider themselves Hindus, and the people of *Lahoul*, who are Budhists. There is no temple, but the offerings, which consist of milk, flour, and ghee, are deposited upon a slab of slate under an overhanging rock.

Although the *Nag Deota* is held in great reverence, I have seen a Kulu man kill a snake of the same species, at a distance from the sacred spot. On my asking him how he could kill one of the gods, he said it was not a deota, the deota only lived at the *nag rewar* (serpents' cave).

Indra, who appears to be the only survivor in these hills of the older Vedic gods, is worshipped in several places, but especially where the descendants of the *Ranas* remain. These *Ranas* were petty chiefs, who are said to have held the country before the *rajahs*. They must therefore have been very early invaders. They rank now as *Rajputs*, but do not belong to any of the regular *Rajput* clans.

It is difficult to recognize the *Indra* of the Hindu pantheon in the deota of the mountains. Indeed, the latter, though retaining many of the characteristics of the Vedic god, is in these days quite as unorthodox as the other deotas of the hills. No orthodox Brahmins are attached to his temples. The priests are the so-called Brahmins of the country, and the chelas of various castes. The rites are similar to those I have already described.

At the summit of the *Indra* or *Andra* Pass, fourteen thousand feet above the sea, a snow-covered pinnacle of rock represents *Indra's* temple. This is provided with a soongul for the convenience of worshippers; but there is no resident priest, and no image of the deota.

At a somewhat lower elevation is *Indra's* lake, a small mountain tarn, reputed to be unfathomable.

In the valleys on either side the pass are several temples of *Indra*, who is here curiously enough associated with the serpent, and called *Indroo Nag*. In most of the temples, *Indra* is represented as a man in a short tunic, with bare head; and sometimes holding a bow and arrow, sometimes a club in one hand and a water-jar in the other. At *Kote*, in *Chumba*, the deota is represented as grasping a serpent by the neck with one hand, and holding a club in the other, a serpent standing erect on either side. The priest knew nothing of the *Vedas*, or of the Brahmanical fables relating to *Indra*, and could not explain the connection between *Indra* and the nag.

Budhism must have flourished at some time throughout the sub-Himalayah, as is shown by the many traces of it still remaining.

The name of *Budha* is now almost un-

known; but as Sidh (the holy one), or Sidh Deota, he is still worshipped. The term Sidh is very closely connected with the later phases of northern Buddhism.

In the ancient fort of Kangra are many Buddhist remains; and a large stone image of Budha in the principal temple is still an object of veneration. The Sidh Deota of Sidh Kot is also very ancient, and is visited by crowds of worshippers.

Small altars and slabs of stone, upon which are sculptured the footprints of Buddha, known as *Sidh pāt*, abound in the Kangra district. They may often be seen decked with flowers.

The sacred lake of Rawalsir, with its floating islands, is a celebrated place of Buddhist pilgrimage. This lake is between Kangra and Simla, and is called by the Thibetans Cho Pudma. It is visited every year by many hundred pilgrims from the Buddhist countries beyond the Himalayah, as well as by crowds of Hindus. There is a Buddhist temple, on the shores of the lake, with an officiating lama. There is also a modern Hindu temple dedicated to Siva, and another to Vishnu.

The temple of Jowala Mukhi, where the sacred fire, fed by a naphtha spring, has been burning since prehistoric times, is also a place of Buddhist pilgrimage.

Three years ago I was surprised to find a new image of Budha set up under a tree, close to a large orthodox temple of Siva, at Byjnath, in the Kangra district. I found that it had been placed there by the Brahman priest of the temple; Sidh having appeared to him in a dream, and told him to set up his image at that spot.

I have since seen a new image of Budha at another Sivaite temple in the same district. The priest (an orthodox Brahman) called it Sidh Deota, and said many people came to worship it.

The Bodhisatwa Manjusri has several temples in the Punjab Himalayah. He also is called Sidh Deota, and is confused with Budha.

The priests of Sidh Deota are usually Brahmans of the country, but sometimes they are of other castes. Chelas are attached to some of the shrines.

In some places an umbrella, ornamented with beads and other decorations, is carried round from house to house by the chela and others. This is supposed to represent the Sidh, for whom contributions are solicited.

Several mortals, whose history is scarcely yet forgotten, are worshipped

with the same rites and upon much the same footing as the deotas.

The Pandu brothers, the heroes of the Mahabharat, have several shrines in the Punjab Himalayah, but the number does not seem to increase.

Vasishta Muni, the Vedic Rishi, has an ancient temple at the hot springs in the Kulu Valley, which take their name from him, and near which he is said to have lived. The Rishi is represented as a black man dressed in a waist-cloth, and holding a water-jar in his hand. He has no other temple that I am aware of.

In the worship of Gogah and Lakh Data, which in each case originated in the plains, there are signs of a new unorthodox religious development.

These demigods, of comparatively modern origin, may already be said to rank amongst the deotas of the hills.

Gogah was a chief of the Chohan tribe of Rajputs, who was killed while fighting against the first Mahomedan invaders. He is represented as a horseman, armed with a spear, and attended by his wife and brother. A chela is attached to each shrine, and the worship is conducted with the same rites as that of the deotas.

Gogah is much venerated in northern India. In the hills he appears to have fully attained to divine honors; and even shares the same temple with Devi and the nag.

So tolerant are these deotas, or their worshippers, that for two or three divinities with different attributes to occupy the same temple, and to share the same altar and the same priest, is not at all unfrequent.

Lakh Data, who is known also as the Peer or Sukki Surwar, is a Mussulman saint, who is revered equally by Hindus and Mahomedans. In fact, by the former he is now worshipped as a deota, and sacrifices are offered to him. The custodian of one of the shrines of Lakh Data in the Kangra district is a Hindu of the cultivator caste, and is called the chela, as in the case of the temples of the deotas. As a rule, there is no idol in the shrines of Lakh Data, but merely three or four small lamps, which any one who wishes to propitiate the saint may supply with oil. In the shrine, however, to which I have just alluded there is a stone carving of Lakh Data as a horseman, in a tall Persian cap, and armed with a spear. Lakh Data is a great patron of athletics, and especially of wrestling. He is propitiated by pilgrimages and sacrifices as in

the case of the deotas, and also by wrestling matches. These may be held in any convenient place, certain dues being paid to the custodians of the shrine, and to the musicians attached to it. Hindus and Mahomedans meet at the shrine of Lakh Data on equal terms. And the animals sacrificed, although killed according to the Mahomedan formula, may be partaken of by Hindus without any loss of caste. The number of Lakh Data's votaries seems to be increasing rapidly.

Bhuts, joginis, and other spirits, although not usually worshipped as deotas, are universally dreaded, and consequently treated with the utmost respect.

Bhuts have no temples, but propitiatory offerings are frequently made to them in case of sickness or misfortune. The most usual form of offering is to arrange in a basket small quantities of fruit, flowers, vegetables, meal, spices and condiments, ghee, a few coins, and sometimes a fowl or eggs. This basket is passed round the head of the sick person, and is then taken out after dark and left in the middle of the road leading to the house or village. It is hoped that, the anger of the Bhuts being appeased, the sickness will leave the patient. And it is believed that, if any one interferes with the basket, the sickness will seize upon him.

I have seen the same ceremony amongst the Malays of Perak, the offering being left to drift down the river.

In case of epidemic sickness, cabalistic diagrams are sometimes drawn in the dust of the roads leading to a village, the different compartments being occupied by articles of food, etc. These are intended as a protection from the evil spirits.

Joginis, who seem to correspond in some degree with our fairies, are not usually worshipped in temples; but when they are so, they are represented as women and are sometimes attended by snakes.

One very powerful jogini, who has a temple on the borders of Kashmere, I was told, "formerly used often to eat men before she would give rain." She is known as the Mother of Serpents (*Ama Naga*). The people assured me that men are never eaten now; but that, under British rule, goats are always found sufficient.

The Mother of Serpents is represented as a woman, dressed in the costume of the district, and supported by two snakes

standing erect, their heads meeting over that of the jogini.

Joginis often reside on mountain passes, and travellers sometimes set up one or two stones on end, or build a rough imitation of a temple, as an acknowledgment of the goodness of the jogini in allowing them to get safely over.

The spirits of departed relatives are worshipped, not exactly as gods, but as protectors or guardian angels. They are also believed to have the power of punishing their friends, if they are forgotten or neglected.

In some localities the worship of the dead does not seem to be confined to the relatives of the deceased, but to be shared in by the whole community. The people of a village once told me that they had lately had great trouble in consequence of some of their departed neighbors having been neglected.

Around, and sometimes within, the temples of the deotas are usually to be seen a number of stone slabs, like miniature gravestones; these are more or less rudely carved with the representations of men and women, and are the monuments of departed villagers. A lamp or a little charcoal is burned before them, and food is placed near them on stated occasions. The figures upon these stones are sometimes in pairs, representing *suttis*; but, upon the older ones, and those in the more remote localities, they are generally single. From this it would seem that widow-burning was not derived from the aboriginal tribes.

New stones are not by any means numerous, so that it appears as if the custom of erecting these monuments was gradually falling into disuse.

As may be seen, many curious rites, and remnants of ancient superstitions, are to be met with in this debatable land on the borders of Hinduism. Some of these throw much light upon the growth of Hindu customs and Hindu mythology.

As Brahmanism extends, some of the unorthodox faiths will disappear before it, and others will be absorbed.

The serpent has already found a place in the Hindu pantheon. In due time Gogah may appear as another form of Siva; while Lakh Data may develop into an avatar of Vishnu.

CHARLES F. OLDHAM.

From Good Words.

THE NEW MANAGER.

BY KATHERINE SAUNDERS.

AUTHOR OF "GIDEON'S ROCK," "THE HIGH MILLS,"
ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

AT ST. MATTHIAS'S.

ON Sunday morning, as Jolliffe had signs of an impending attack of gout, Mrs. Jolliffe decided on staying at home with him, and proposed to the new manager that he should accompany the girls to St. Matthias's.

Pascal agreed, with the appearance of readiness politeness required, but Jolliffe, always prompt to read and study the feelings of others, fancied he detected a little disappointment when the request was made in his wife's usual unconsciously imperious manner.

"Perhaps, my dear," observed Jolliffe, "Mr. Pascal would rather see our old parish church. We have been talking of poor Mrs. McIntyre's painted window. Keith will be sure to meet the girls."

Mrs. Jolliffe was too much engaged to hear, and Pascal of course made fresh assurances of his pleasure in going with the young ladies to St. Matthias's.

Mrs. Jolliffe could only act on one idea at a time. She had an idea just now that it would be well to make Keith jealous. She had seen with satisfaction on the previous evening that Sophie, though all unconsciously, had made him jealous, and doubted not his jealousy would drive him to do all he could to persuade Sophie to consent to an early marriage. It was the way in which Jolliffe had been brought to make up *his* mind, and Mrs. Jolliffe had a belief that, in matters of courtship at least, men were very much alike. Neither she nor Sophie felt any doubt but that Jolliffe was right in saying Keith would be sure to meet her and accompany her to St. Matthias's, for though she was going there ostensibly at young Dwining's request, she had, in acceding to that request, also considered how often Keith had asked her, and had consented more for his sake than Dwining's.

Sophie's bonnet was on, and she was down-stairs before her cousin had ceased laughing at the idea of Pascal accompanying them. As Miss Bowerby kept them waiting, Jolliffe proposed Sophie should show Pascal the way into the garden through the brewery and orchard. They passed through the old dray-yard. The great curtained drays, pulled into the long

dray-house, had the slumberous air of four-post state beds, where Time, having turned every other owner out, seemed to be napping himself. Even the small two-wheel dray, as it rested on its shafts with its curtains hanging forward, had the look of a spaniel that had shaken its long ears over its cheeks in anticipation of an extra doze.

In its Sunday repose the brewery was a picture of cleanliness and order. So Pascal remarked, as he followed Sophie to the narrow door which led them right out among the pear-trees, now dazzling to behold in the full morning sun.

"I have seen the finest views the world can show," remarked the new manager, gazing round with eyes that softened as they gazed, "but I look on this sight with more pleasure than ever."

"Then you have been used once to live among orchards?" asked Sophie.

"In my schooldays — yes."

"I wish my cousin would come," said Sophie; "she will make us late."

"Not if we go round by the wall and across Trutbrook Common," answered Pascal quickly.

Sophie's glance of surprise betrayed him into showing some vexation and embarrassment. "Why should this be?" she wondered, and immediately thought of one of the hard things her mother had said of him. Mrs. Jolliffe suspected Pascal to have been about the place as a spy before he was sent formally by Lovibond as the new manager.

While Sophie's cheek burned with this idea, Pascal added quickly, —

"I heard some one say that way was nearer by a quarter of a mile than the road. Is it not so, or am I under a mistake?"

"No, you are quite correct," replied Sophie brusquely. "Here comes my cousin at last."

She was, indeed, unfeignedly glad to see her companion, for a strange dislike for the society of Pascal had come over her with the suspicions awakened by his involuntarily disclosed acquaintance with the neighborhood he was supposed never to have seen before. She determined to have some talk with her father on the subject as soon as she returned from church, that he and Mr. McIntyre might be more on their guard, both with Lovibond and his coadjutor.

The walk to church was not particularly pleasant. Sophie met all Pascal's remarks with coldness and reserve; her cousin seemed to him insufferably silly.

Dwining, who met them near the church door, had to hide his pleasure, and succeeded in assuming a seriousness that only made the brightness of his eyes more intense.

St. Matthias's was a new church, with a new organ, a new congregation, a new young rector, and two new young curates. Only the organist was old, and a master in his art.

Pascal seemed more interested in Dwining and Sophie than in the elaborate church service. He saw that, to Dwining, Sophie, and not Matthias, was the patron saint of the church; while Sophie herself appeared soon to forget Keith Cameron in her delight at the music, and her sympathy with Dwining's appreciation of it. Pascal certainly saw a shade come over her bright face as she glanced round her sometimes, but only, he fancied, indicating a girl's annoyance at a slight offered her before the world, and not any serious heartache.

The church was uncomfortably full, and the copies of its own particular hymn monopolized, Dwining and Sophie having only one between them from necessity. From necessity certainly, but Pascal saw that such necessity was as heaven upon earth to Dwining, and was no special hardship to Sophie. Her face was prettier than he had yet seen it; her voice had a happy and devout soul in it. So had Dwining's; and the two seemed to Pascal to be aware, with a kind of noble innocence, of the healthful charm they had for each other.

As the new hymn was being sung, Pascal, hearing a pew door near him opened, glanced round and saw Keith Cameron. Dwining and Sophie, finding the hymn words new to them, were bending over the one page rather more closely than might be pleasant to a person in Keith's position to see. Pascal was not surprised when Keith, after service, with the appearance of not having seen them, turned down the lane that was the nearest way to the Poplars. Sophie, looking round at him, as though hardly able to believe her eyes, became red and then pale in the same moment.

Yet, somehow, the walk home was not as depressing to her as might have been expected under the circumstances, and was assuredly very different from the walk to church. Dwining's elastic step seemed to teach Sophie a lighter, gayer tread than was usual to her. There was certainly something very different in walking by him from keeping pace with the

languid-footed Keith. Then, too, the glance of Dwining's eager, honest blue eye, how it brightened Sophie's, Pascal noticed. How promptly she understood all he said, often catching at his meaning before he had half expressed it; whereas it had been easy for even a stranger to see that Keith's half sarcastic, though certainly more clever comments, were confusing and dispiriting to her. Life was somewhat a heavy, leaden sort of thing to her. It was already stale and profitless to Keith. To Dwining it was intensely real for misery or joy, and in his society the clouds cleared from Sophie's spirit, the atmosphere became alive with sunshine and fresh winds, she breathed new breath, and lived new life.

When she got home she locked herself in her own room and fell on her knees, sobbing almost violently. This was partly on account of Keith, and because she felt she was wrong in allowing herself to drift away from her allegiance to him, but it was also because she had felt too much new life and feeling come suddenly into her heart to bear them in silence. She sobbed at once for sorrow and for joy, that they had come. It seemed misfortune and a rich gift inseparably blended — a nameless passion she could not then have known herself well enough to be able to say it was love for Dwining, but somehow she felt she had, hitherto, wronged the world, life, herself, and God's power and will to give joy. She took all to herself now with a great passion, clasping her arms about her heart and bowing her head in pitiful acknowledgment of having so wronged herself, her youth, her womanhood, by taking life so heavily and by so ignoring God's love and power, and all the glorious possibilities of life. Sophie did not say to herself it was the love of a healthful and an upright heart that made so great a change for her. The change was as yet, in itself, too overpowering for her to be conscious of the cause, or try to analyze it.

But when her fit of awakening and passion was over, and she went down into the orchard to try to get calm, she had that exquisite sense of gratitude felt by a good woman when conscious of the all-powerful and all-ennobling influence of a good man. She knew that Dwining was no untried child of innocence. She knew that he had seen no little of the world and neither cringed to its pleasures nor feared its hardships.

"I can surely love Keith better through having known him," she said to herself

under the apple-trees. It seemed so for the moment; but, in truth, Sophie felt obliged to find some excuse for allowing herself to think of Dwining, some plea for permitting herself to recall with new delight each sign of love she had seen in his strong, earnest eyes that happy morning.

CHAPTER X.

MORNING CLOUDS.

THE new manager made it very clearly understood that however considerate he might be of the feelings of Messrs. McIntyre and Jolliffe, and whatever uneasiness he may have felt on the evening of his arrival as to his task, he none the less intended that on Monday morning business should begin in earnest. Mrs. Jolliffe heard him go out soon after five o'clock.

Hector, a direct descendant of the Hector of twenty years ago, barked furiously.

"That's odd," remarked Jolliffe, yawning at being disturbed so early, "for Sophie told me she had made the two good friends yesterday."

When Mrs. Jolliffe went down to make coffee, about which Jolliffe was very fastidious, the maid who waited on her told her that Hector had been barking all the morning because there was a strange man, a cask-washer, who delighted in teasing the brewery favorite. Mr. Wharton had said that the new man seemed allowed to do as he liked, and be as idle as he pleased, and if he was the manager's choosing he was not a very good example for the other men.

When Jolliffe came down to breakfast and heard of this addition to the Pelican staff, he observed quietly, —

"Ah, yes, he's in earnest. I'm glad I told the men to be on their guard."

"Then you mean to say this fellow is a detective?" exclaimed his wife in horror.

"I think so. A little more cream, if you please, my love."

"How can you take things so coolly, Jolliffe?"

"It's because I have taken things too coolly that I am not exactly averse to seeing some effort made to set them right."

"Oh, nonsense, it has always been the same, and I'm sure we have been very comfortable."

"Quite so, quite so; too comfortable under the circumstances, I fear; but hush! my dear, here comes Pascal."

"I haven't common patience to sit down with him," declared Mrs. Jolliffe.

"Some of these sort of troubles require uncommon patience, which you know you have in abundance, my love."

"Good morning, Mr. Pascal," was Mrs. Jolliffe's salutation; "pray, who is that most unpleasant-looking, strange man?" She had not seen the object of her inquiry at all.

"Unpleasing duties lend unpleasing looks sometimes," answered Pascal; "but I assure you the ground shall not be cumbered by our friend outside longer than is absolutely necessary."

After breakfast the manager went down immediately to Jolliffe's private office, where a writing-table with drawers and patent lock was placed at his disposal, and Mrs. Jolliffe began to upbraid her husband for not opposing a course so hard as the admission of a detective into the brewery.

"Depend upon it," she reasoned, "the best men will leave on finding they are suspected, and the bad ones only brazen out such treatment."

"We are in Lovibond's hands, my dear, for the present, and must submit," replied Jolliffe in a tone of cheerful resignation.

Mrs. Jolliffe was much vexed. Another matter, besides the manager's conduct, caused her to be so that morning.

It was all very well, in fact just what she had wished, that Sophie should make Keith jealous. But that Keith should stay away all Sunday, and that Dwining should happen to find in an old *Blackwood's Magazine* one of Jolliffe's prize essays, and make it an excuse for spending all the evening with them, made Mrs. Jolliffe angry with her husband, Dwining, Sophie, *Blackwood*, and even the long-defunct umpires who had pronounced Jolliffe the champion in that far remote tournament of quills.

Pascal, she said, she felt sure, was the harbinger of endless misfortune to the Pelican.

Miss Bowerby had told her, amid paroxysms of laughter, that when she went to call Sophie to breakfast that morning, Mr. Dwining was talking to her at the little door in the wall he had to pass on his way home from his early walk with his dogs.

Miss Bowerby was to spend the day at the Halls, who were, Dwining said, hoping to see her arrive early.

"There are great preparations for the event, I assure you," he added. "We have all had to assist in getting up the tent, so it's bound to be a hot day. The worst of it is you may be the cause of my

losing two guineas, and I haven't one to spare."

"How is that?" asked Sophie, her cousin being engaged with her handkerchief in her efforts to subdue her laughter.

"Todd and I have a bet," replied Dwining, "upon a prize poem poor Waller is hammering his brains over for the new paper, the *Club Magazine*. It's only half a guinea, but it's the glory of the thing, you know. It'll be a grand start for Waller; Todd don't think he has a chance. I did till I heard Miss Bowerby was coming. Now I tremble for my two guineas; really, Miss Jolliffe, you must make your cousin promise she won't hold him spell-bound quite all day."

Mrs. Jolliffe was not pleased by this early meeting at the gate. She knew Sophie too well to think it was designed; it was an accident as far as human motives were concerned. Dwining might take delight in Sophie's society, but would arrange no clandestine meeting with a girl engaged to another man; would hardly slacken or hasten his steps to effect such a meeting, however much he might wish it. Mrs. Jolliffe knew this, and as she bent over her Vanthols and noticed how their blooms, which she had turned towards her last night, were again turned to the sun, felt there was the more significance in the early morning meeting, and that it had come to pass by some mysterious law of nature. It threw a different light on the Saturday and Sunday's proceedings, and made her wish her words to Keith, that were to awaken jealousy, unsaid.

Mrs. Jolliffe could not remain long from the window looking towards the road, in the hope of Keith coming to see how Sophie was going to spend the day in her cousin's absence. He had suggested a row on the river, if the weather was fine—if not, that they should practise some songs he had given her. He had treated it as a matter of course that he would come, and Mrs. Jolliffe, heavy as her forebodings were growing, yet felt that all might be well in an hour or two. A warmer welcome than usual from herself even might set things right. Jolliffe was always the same, always genial and peace-inspiring. The difficulty would, she feared, be in Sophie herself. Her mother had not much influence over her. Even the worst-tempered people discover in time where their bad humors or imperiousness are wasted; and Mrs. Jolliffe had learned, as Sophie grew up, that one of the strong points in her character was a determina-

tion not to be injuriously fettered by her mother's willfulness as her father was fettered. Sophie's strong point, like most people's, involved a weak one also, for in her shunning undue and injurious control she often lost or resented good and sensible advice from her mother. Mrs. Jolliffe therefore felt it useless that morning to upbraid her as to her treatment of Keith.

"You might remonstrate with her," she said to Jolliffe, who, to evade family and business troubles, had found absorbing interest in the columns of the *Times*; "but you never do anything but spoil her."

Sophie came in at that moment, wearing an air of dreamy absent-mindedness, not usual with her. Mrs. Jolliffe judged it best to appear concerned about the weather, and thought it was too warm for rowing.

"Yes," answered Sophie, "for Keith." And, oddly enough, a vision rose before her of a bronzed young face and stalwart arms, it would not be too hot for or too arduous, but whose comeliness and strength would appear a part of the rich summer.

"And for you too," added Mrs. Jolliffe, unconscious of the vision, but not of the dreamy tenderness caused by it in Sophie's eyes. "But why didn't you wear the navy blue suit Keith likes so much?"

"This is cooler; besides, I don't see much use in trying to please him," answered Sophie rather hastily, remembering her careful toilette of Saturday evening.

"What's the matter with him?" asked her mother suddenly. "Do you think Mr. Dwining monopolized you too much?" Sophie blushed and smiled, too brightly for her mother's satisfaction.

"Did he monopolize me, mamma?" she asked rather confusedly.

"Or you him, my love?" queried Jolliffe mischievously.

"If I recollect, Keith didn't care to monopolize me himself, and so hasn't any right to complain."

"Quite so, quite so," responded Jolliffe soothingly. "But come here, Sophie. Your mother is getting rather anxious about you and Keith."

"Why should she?" demanded Sophie, not without some pride and passion. Perhaps the silence following her question had more gentle reproach in it than any words could have expressed.

Sophie, after a while, looked up remorsefully from her stitching and saw her mother's ample chin sunk despondently on the huge brooch, containing a lock of

hair of the person Jolliffe had disappointed, interwoven with one of Jolliffe's own golden brown curls. Sophie saw, too, her father's bright blue eyes gazing apparently into that futurity as to which he troubled himself so little. Sophie glanced from one to the other, and the tears came into her eyes. Keen recollection of business anxieties and the infliction of Lovibond's man and of the relief her modest marriage settlement might bring, made her feel her careless question to have been almost flippant, and nothing remained in her heart but regret for her thoughtlessness and tenderest sympathy for the two. She rose, stepped quietly behind her father, and taking his silver head in her hands drew it back and kissed his cheeks.

"Don't fear; I'll make it all right with Keith," she said.

Mrs. Jolliffe, instantly forming one of the little tableau, also kissed Jolliffe, and, drawing Sophie forward from behind his armchair, shed some maternal tears over her, and said, appealingly yet reproachfully, to Jolliffe,—

"You ought to be a thousand times more thankful than you are for such a child," and Jolliffe, whose eyes also glistened with pride and tears, emitted his silvery little chuckle, and, rubbing his spectacles, said with subdued enthusiasm,

"Quite so, quite so!"

CHAPTER XI.

KEITH HAS SATISFACTION.

It was this little scene (behind the business scenes of the Pelican) that caused Keith Cameron, when, in due time, he paid his morning call, to be very differently received from what he had expected.

Sophie threw down her work and went to meet him, looking into his face as she did so with most unusual cordiality and frankness.

"How nice of you to come so early!"

"How kindly you remind me of my need to apologize for doing so!" replied Keith; "but I have to be in London this afternoon."

He had taken her hand less affectionately, and released it sooner than his custom was.

"He has been *much* hurt," thought Sophie; "what *can* I say?"

"It's a lovely morning."

"Charming."

"But too warm for rowing."

"I think so. The river moves like molten lead."

"So does my heart," thought Sophie, longing to show she did not care for the cool dismissal of the river idea, or feel uneasy at Keith keeping his hat and stick in his hand as he sat down on the sofa opposite her little easy-chair by the window.

Her father and mother had gone for their morning inspection of the garden, but were lingering on their way under the orchard trees, and the sight of them on the rustic little seat gave new impetus to Sophie's resolve to conciliate Keith. The question was how to do it. Should she treat the affair as though she had been in fault, though she scarcely thought she had? or should she gently reproach Keith for his impatience and studied neglect? Perhaps that would be best, and certainly would come most naturally.

"Keith," she said, speaking his name with the familiarity of affectionate reproof, "you have always been so kind to me, so forgiving and gentle, when I have been whimsical or abrupt to you, that I have felt it keenly you could be so awfully cruel as you have been since Saturday."

Sophie seldom did things by halves, and once having decided on letting Keith measure her affection for him by the extent of her grief at his treatment, she was content to humble herself as she had never humbled herself before to any one. To watch her one might suppose she loved Keith passionately. She had risen, her eyes were wet and full of tender remonstrance. Keith must have thought she so loved him. He rose too, but did not hold out his hand, and his expression was more thoughtful than emotional.

"If I felt I deserved your reproaches," he said, "I should thank you for the kindness with which you have given them; but as I fail to remember anything in my conduct that could be so described, you must forgive me for venturing to doubt that you, who have so stern a sense of justice, really seriously make such a charge against me."

It is not easy to generous natures to suddenly stop a warm impulse such as Sophie's for peace and reconciliation. She had meant to flatter and please Keith by the very unreasonableness of her blame, and to give him, perhaps, an exaggerated idea of her pain at his neglect. And now he had answered her in a way that showed her he either did not appreciate her meaning, or did not accept it. Such a speech was, as Keith afterwards expressed himself to a friend, altogether out of his line; but he wished it to answer two purposes.

He intended to deny anything like rashness or bad temper in his own conduct, and to civilly ignore the unwonted warmth of affection implied by Sophie's manner to him. Although his reply had chilled her to the heart—which, in her dismay at herself for having let it drift away from Keith of late, and in her anxiety to restore her father's and mother's peace, she was almost ready to lay at Keith's feet, begging him to guard and keep it true—although she had felt the chill, she would not let herself see failure, but rather told herself she must measure her own error by Keith's coldness, and be humble accordingly.

"You said the other day we never had one quarrel, Keith."

"I did, and am resolved to-day we never shall."

He looked as he spoke, bowing slightly and smiling.

Sophie did not like the smile even then, when she was refusing, almost obstinately, to see any bar to their reconciliation. In years after it haunted her as one of the most unpleasant things she had ever seen. She had two different powers of perception just then. One saw in every look of Keith's, and heard in each word that fell from his lips, encouragement to her wishes to set matters as they were, or rather better than they ever were, between them. Another—and as yet a vague and dim perception, which, though but so dim and so vague, could make her suffer, and send the blood to her cheek or drive it out of it with painful hurry—saw all, and heard all, in accordance with certain instincts she had always felt concerning Keith. One perceptiveness read hope in the smile, assurance in the words. The other found both smile and words cold, sarcastic, ominous. The perception that pleased her best ruled her own conduct, as such perception does generally rule persons even as thoroughly conscientious as Sophie Jolliffe.

Keith had smiled into her eyes, had declared he would never quarrel, surely, she thought, Satan himself must be within her heart if she found an evil construction possible out of this. She took the small, low voice of instinct for one of gloomy and unwarrantable doubt, and tried with all her strength to hush it.

"Keith," she said, "my mother thinks I have been to blame, and though I know I never meant to offend you in any way, still, if I have done so, won't you let me say I'm sorry?"

Sophie's voice was just sufficiently

tremulous at that moment to render her petition touching, indeed irresistible it might be supposed, to one in Keith's position.

Keith's feelings, however, having, as he considered, been seriously tampered with on the foregone Saturday, were not to be easily exposed to fresh danger, neither were those who had tampered with them to pass unpunished. In reply to Sophie's entreaty that he would let her say she was sorry, he said with prompt courtesy,—

"I beg you won't distress me by doing so, or give yourself the slightest uneasiness."

"But I have given you uneasiness."

"If I have felt any, I assure you it is over now, and I intend to dismiss all thoughts of it from my mind."

"You will?"

"I may say I have almost done so already."

"Dear Keith, how good you are! I am so much obliged to you."

That outer perception of Sophie's common sense, or whatever it was, told her all was well. Keith, though still hurt, had said all she should expect; it was for her to be more demonstrative, more warm and grateful. Thus self-admonished, she looked up with moist eyes to Keith and half smiling, half beseeching lips, and laid her hand on his. In doing this she endured actual pain, but an indescribable kind of pain, and experienced an almost phrenzied antipathy to him whom she sought to win back to her. In a moment she knew why.

Keith, as Sophie's hand lay on his left wrist, rather faint and fluttering, like a bird that only found a perch where it sought a nest, touched it lightly with his right hand, and looking into her moist eyes with a smile which, perfect as were the lips it curved and the eyes it brightened, afterwards had always seemed to her almost demoniacal, said,—

"And now I need not ask if you know why I have intruded on you so early, or indeed, after what has occurred, why I have intruded on you at all."

Sophie looked a little bewildered. Her heart beat violently, but she looked with steady confidence into Keith's blue eyes.

Why should he have come up but to set all right, or in the words that came simplest and fullest of meaning at these times from the days of childhood, "to make it up"? She looked at him steadily, with perhaps something of stupid faith still in her expression, and said,—

"You came to —" Then she paused,

expecting, not with exactly pleasurable expectation, but still confidently expecting that Keith's smiling lips would answer by something more affectionate than words.

But Keith only raised his fine eyebrows with a look of surprise at her hesitation, and answered, in his usual languid drawl, "To say good-bye!"

The more clearly he may have read the face before him, the more assured he must have felt of his complete and triumphant revenge.

However it might have been with Sophie before that interview, it is certain that she then knew the anguish of a sharp stab at her girlish happiness, her maidenly dignity, and indeed, as it seemed, at all the hope and joy of her life. Nor was she one of those in whom sudden hate could spring up to take the place of slain or outraged love. She had tried with all her might to guide her heart back again in spite of all opposing currents to his, where, according to all dutiful and natural instincts, was its destined haven, and she had dashed it against a stony rock. Stunned, and yet not stunned too much to suffer, it now drifted from him rapidly, widely, irrevocably.

Though Keith upon his knees had cried to it, never had he won it back. But he had then no wish to do so. He had meant to make it suffer and had succeeded, and he bowed before Sophie with perfect grace and took his departure intensely satisfied with himself. All the amount of mild pleasure he had known in his engagement to Sophie, and gratification at the knowledge also that he was keeping a fervent manly heart from her, was small and faint in comparison with the wound his vanity had sustained, and his whole being had been filled by the first and last passion of his life, in the last few hours, the passion for revenge. The passion was now fully gratified, and he went away with the feeling that from henceforth he would hold his heart and his pride and his peace of mind entirely under his own control. Neither love nor anger should again disturb him.

CHAPTER XII.

A RASH CHAMPION.

MRS. JOLLIFFE on her way up stairs having seen Keith Cameron pass lightly down the office steps with an unwonted smile on his lips and all the air of a conqueror, hastened up with much and happy anticipation to the sitting-room overlook-

ing the orchards. She was herself the bearer of bad news to Sophie, but scarcely doubted her child would have a cure ready to offer her for the evils of which she came to tell. A light step bounded up the stairs behind her, and turning on the first landing she faced Dwining. His countenance was unusually clouded, and she doubted not he had heard in the brewery yard of the events that had reached her own ears during the last few minutes.

"Well, Mr. Dwining," she said, "you have heard of honest William Treloggan being arrested, I suppose, and there's a spy in Mr. Trafford's office now. Mr. Jolliffe's half distracted, he's gone up the back way to the study. You'll find him there."

She pointed to the red door of the little study and passing quickly up the three steps leading into the room where Sophie was, saw her standing looking out of the window with her back towards her. Dwining did not follow her direction and go to the study. He had said in a less strong voice than usual, "Mrs. Jolliffe, one moment!" but she had not heard him.

There were two doors to the sitting-room; the outer one, a silent spring-door, Mrs. Jolliffe fancied had closed behind her, but Dwining had held it back as he spoke and she had not closed the inner door.

"Oh, Sophie, Sophie!" she exclaimed as she entered, "your poor father's almost broken-hearted! Here's William Treloggan arrested, and a policeman in the office examining Trafford's desk. Oh, that Lovibond! if I could coin my very heart to pay him and send his man back to the antipodes, where he came from, I would do it!"

"Mother!"

Then Dwining let the spring-door close, and fled. He went down and waited in the orchard. It had been as hard for him to leave the spot as for a mother to turn away from the crib at her child's cry betokening sickness unto death; as hard as for a brave soldier to desert a comrade whose groans had just betrayed to him his danger.

"Mother," said Sophie, "it *has* been done — not only the sacrifice of a heart offered, but all my pride, almost my truth."

"Sophie!" cried Mrs. Jolliffe.

"Yes, mother, all laid with my poor eager prayer for reconciliation — laid at worthless feet — to be rejected, spurned!"

"My dear girl, my poor dear child, and

the young wretch went out smiling!" said Mrs. Jolliffe in a tone of horror.

"Mother, I tried so hard. I feel so degraded. I begged to be forgiven if I had vexed him. I begged harder and harder; trying to keep down my doubts and fears about him, and my fears that I didn't love him through it all. I begged for reconciliation. I laid my hand on his. He let me beg; he let me touch his hand in entreaty—in *loving* entreaty." And the poor little hands clasped each other with a passion of indignation. "And then," continued Sophie, "he politely spurned me—*intending* all the while to do so—while listening to my earnest, loving words—*intending* to reject my prayers—listening, mother, smiling, and *intending* to cast me off. Oh, mother!" she cried, "why did he leave me in my first surprise and degradation? Why didn't he stay a little, and let me enjoy my triumph? Another moment, and he should have known the truth."

"What truth, Sophie darling?" asked Mrs. Jolliffe, weeping partly for Sophie's troubles, but more for her own.

"That I never loved him; that I only hoped and thought I loved him; that his rejection of me—I mustn't be too proud to use the right word, mother dear, it *was* rejection—that his rejection of me, his withdrawal of his falsely called love, sets my heart free from ice. I would have told him more—that though I have learnt these last few days partly, and *in this last hour fully*, I have not loved him, I have learnt *too more than that*—I have learnt, mother—"

At this moment there was a knock, and Dwining, after having made a step of retreat, had again turned, and was standing in the presence of Sophie and Mrs. Jolliffe, half-way between them and the door.

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Jolliffe, I spoke to you before you came in here, but you did not hear me."

They both looked at him in perfect astonishment at his excitement, as he stood slightly bending forward in an attitude full of earnest appeal; his right hand extended imploringly, his eyes, full of respect and tenderness and anger, fixed on Sophie's white, indignant face.

"Mr. Dwining," said she, recovering before her mother from her surprise, and making a gesture of dismissal with her trembling hand, "I am in trouble."

"I know it," he answered, "and knowing it, inadvertently, must be my apology for intruding."

Sophie made a movement as though to

go past him and leave the room, but Dwining stayed her by so gentle and deferential a gesture and look that she could only stand and gaze at him in bewilderment.

"If I may not speak to her, Mrs. Jolliffe," said Dwining, turning to her mother out of simple reverence for Sophie's grief, "let her hear me speak to you. I tried to speak to you, for when I came in I was met by Mr. Cameron with a taunt that was not only at myself, but that I considered touched your daughter as well. Coming into this room after you, I found my suspicions, that he had behaved in some wrong way to her, most cruelly verified. I thought when I had first seen him and heard from him the taunt, which I will not repeat, I would tell you that if he had acted towards Miss Jolliffe as his words seemed to imply, he should have from me such punishment as her own brother, if she had a brother, would inflict."

"Oh, nonsense, Mr. Dwining!" exclaimed Mrs. Jolliffe; "it seems to me there's been quite mischief enough. You had really better leave us alone now." She had not yet ceased to regard him as the real cause of the broken engagement. She had seen the emotion on his face as he entered the room, with a return of previous not unpleasant thoughts she had sometimes indulged in regarding him, especially when weary of Cameron's coolness; but Dwining no sooner uttered the word "brother" than she became impatient at his intrusion. Sophie, on the contrary, had to turn and hide her tears. She had sorely felt the need of such manly sympathy as a brother might have given her. In a moment she held out her hand.

"Thank you," she said in a voice scarcely audible, "but it's all over now; please say no more about it."

"I will do anything you say after I have spoken to you one moment," said Dwining, trying to retain her hand, which, however, she gently withdrew.

"He who enjoyed the privilege," he went on, "the acknowledged right of loving you, and the yet more precious right of possessing *your* love, has just forfeited that right in a manner that may well make you doubt all men. To make that doubt a little less, let me say that one who has no privilege whatever, no right ever to expect the slightest hope, has loved you with a love that has been his greatest delight, even in its utter hopelessness, does love you now, and will continue loving you though you may say, if you will, it

must always be in utter hopelessness. There, I have said what I felt I must say. If I have shocked you by my abruptness, forgive me. I have not intruded on you with any selfish view or wish. I only thought an outspoken, honest love might be some slight, very slight, but not unwelcome, tribute to the worth that scoundrel has so wronged. At any rate I am proud to lay it at your feet, even though it lies there rejected all my life; and I will try to keep it worthy of its place. Good-bye!"

He did not wait for Sophie to answer, for she had turned her head suddenly, and hidden her face on her mother's shoulder, where he heard her sobbing.

"Good-bye, Mrs. Jolliffe," he said, returning the warm clasp of her disengaged hand. "If I have forfeited the friendship I have enjoyed here, by my words just now, I cannot help it. I may perhaps never come here again. I would be glad to be allowed still to be a friend—her friend; but—you will never see me here again until I know her wish."

"He is right," said Sophie, raising her head as the spring-door was gently closed by Dwining. "Mother, he must not come here again."

"Don't say anything rash, dear child," advised Mrs. Jolliffe. "He's a noble young fellow. I always liked him better than Keith; but he chose a very wrong moment for his declaration."

"Do you think so, mother?" said Sophie, looking up with some tender scorn on her lip, and eyes full of pride and joy as well as tears. "Is it such a very wrong time when a ship has been wrecked upon the breakers for the gallant life-boat to come up and save what little human life is left? When some one wanders blindly on a precipice, and feels the edge give way, and staggers, is *that* the wrong moment for some strong arm to clutch one back, and bring one on to safe and steady ground? When one has had a mad dog's bite, can the wholesome fire that's to burn the poison out be put to it too soon? This last excitement, coming so instantly on that other with Keith hurts me, shocks me, but, mother, it almost seems to me it saves my life."

"My darling Sophie," said Mrs. Jolliffe, really affected to tears, "I always liked Mr. Dwining; but why did you say he must not come here again?"

"Because, mother, I love him too well to receive him as a friend, and far too dearly to accept him as anything nearer."

"What *can* you mean? Why should

you not accept him as something nearer if you love him?"

"What, mother! Expose him to Keith Cameron's taunt that I took him—as in my case a thousand girls take new lovers—to cover their slight from the old—make it seem I accept him to spite Keith?—never! or, what is worse, mother, bring on him the taunt that I take him to save my father's business. No, no, dear mother, I shall write at once and tell him never, never to come here again."

"Really, Sophie, you are very unreasonable."

"Mother, I could act against my own instinct with Keith, who taught me somehow to distrust it, but never with Edward Dwining, who has proved to me that it was true and healthy and God-given."

"But, Sophie," said Mrs. Jolliffe, following her as she seated herself at the writing-table, "you will only fret and make yourself wretched."

"You mistake me, mother," Sophie answered, looking up with radiant eyes. "We shall be happier in our honest hopelessness than thousands whose hopes are fully realized. Isn't there more of marriage in a love like ours, though we are divided, than in fifty years of grudging faithfulness of the so-called marriage state?"

CHAPTER XIII.

SYRINGA, OR JEALOUSY.

"A BILLET-DOO for you, Mr. Dwining," said Mrs. Hall, as that most promising of her husband's pupils came down to early dinner.

Dwining took it and went to the window. There was the dear writing. He tore it open (taking advantage of Mrs. Hall's back being turned while she got out the claret) to press it to his lips.

"DEAR MR. DWINING," wrote Sophie—

"The only way in which I can act in accord with your noble kindness is to ask you not to see us any more now. It is painfully embarrassing for us to think of making new ties, even of friendship, while my father's affairs are so involved. I think I owe it to your generous frankness to say I have faith in Mr. Pascal ultimately conquering the great evils that have existed here so long, though my father and mother are feeling too much distress to see his work in its true light. But unless you hear of a great change here—which you may do before long—it is far better for us both that you should,

as you so thoughtfully said, not come to see us any more.

"Good-bye. I shall often think of you when I sing our songs.

"Yours, with best wishes,

"SOPHIE JOLLIFFE.

"Mother again wishes you good-bye."

Dwining put the letter in his pocket, and stood looking out of the window.

Miss Bowerby and Waller were catching a butterfly in a net in the side walk. Hall and Todd were sitting in the tent, smoking. That summer picture—the hum of the bees and strong scent of the syringa close by—was connected ever after by Dwining with the most utterly miserable moments of his life.

Poor Sophie had thought to be kind, in spite of what she had said to her mother as to giving him no hope. She had meant to explain to him, as clearly as it was at all becoming to do under the circumstances, the truth as regarded her present position. She had intended him to see that if the business difficulties could be removed, and there could be no sordid motive suspected in her making another engagement, Dwining's love need not be hopeless. But it was altogether a delicate thing to express, and she had expressed it clumsily.

Dwining read it as all fatal to the least hope, and from the minute he read it there was no reason and no faith in him. "Jealousy, that jaundice of the brain," had smitten him, and he was its helpless victim—sick, weak, irrational, restless, most miserable.

"Pascal is the man," he said to himself, apparently absorbed in watching the antics of Miss Bowerby and Waller with the net. "She said—I heard her myself say she had learnt within the last few days she had never loved Cameron—and she had learnt more—I suppose that she could love somebody else. He watched her intently all the evening on Saturday. Pascal is the man."

"Would you call them in to dinner, Mr. Dwining?" asked Mrs. Hall, "unless, tell 'em they're a-goin' to live in the tents altogether, like the patriarchs of the ancient Britons."

Dwining went out, looking down on the grass, and thinking,—

"If Sophie learned all that in three days from a man she never saw before she is too apt a scholar for me."

"You don't look well, Dwining," said Hall, as his pupil delivered the first part of Mrs. Hall's message.

"Syringa always gives me such a con-founded headache," explained Dwining, "and you have such a forest of it here."

After dinner he said to Hall,—

"I'm obliged to be off home directly. I can't tell how long I shall be away, but I'll write to you to-morrow."

Hall did not hear from him the next day. In the course of the week he informed the Jolliffes that his favorite pupil had decided to give up the study of brewing, and was going abroad. As six months' payment for his board and instruction had been paid in advance, Mrs. Hall and himself were agreed that things might have been worse.

Sophie, when she heard the news, laid down her work and went to the window. She leaned her elbow on the sill and her cheek on her hand, and looked out at the blossoms, which in the last few days had fallen in an almost ceaseless rain.

"Fall down, my pretty blooms," she said to them in her heart, "rain down, rain down. Every hope and pleasure of my life is falling with you."

Mrs. Jolliffe, watching her not without some maternal tenderness about the eyes, that made her uncertain of vision, muttered, "What a muddle these over-and-above refined lovers make. What comes of all their wonderful instincts and faith and hope in hopelessness?—fiddlesticks and foolery!"

Mr. Pascal was undoubtedly causing much necessary and unknowingly unnecessary misery. He remained always gently forbearing with Mrs. Jolliffe—most kind and attentive to Sophie, who, in perfect innocence as to Dwining's real malady, liked and trusted him heartily. To Jolliffe he was ready to offer an arm whenever he needed it, and was as considerate as one in his position could possibly be.

McIntyre he seldom saw, but was, if possible, kinder to him than to Jolliffe. He only became stern when any of his plans for improvement and strict discipline were remonstrated against by either of the partners. Then his manner changed; he bowed, and told them he would write to Mr. Lovibond on the matter; a course they invariably desired him not to pursue, and so the new manager remained for the time being the real master of the Pelican.

McIntyre did not give much trouble, however, at the brewery. Jolliffe was greatly concerned for him, as his health seemed to him rapidly sinking.

"No wonder," said Mrs. Jolliffe one

day; "it's Lovibond's sharp treatment is killing him."

"I fancy he's annoyed at Cameron's persistency in wanting his money," remarked Jolliffe. "He's told him it will take six months to get the mortgage in, and the young fellow has been very pressing and almost insulting about it."

"I hope, Jolliffe, there's nothing *wrong*," said his wife significantly.

"I hope not, my dear," he answered; "but McIntyre certainly has more on his mind than our troubles here, to which he even seems oblivious sometimes."

"He's been very odd and cool to Sophie since she and Keith broke off," observed Mrs. Jolliffe. "I do hope there's nothing wrong. Poor McIntyre looks shadowy and nervous, and his housekeeper told Sophie he's scarcely ever at his writing now. I wonder if there *is* anything wrong with Keith's money."

"To change the subject, my love" (Jolliffe always did change the subject when it turned to anything like scandal) "Sophie is looking very ill."

"Of course she is; and you don't notice me, not likely! though you might see how my bracelet, that used to be too tight, drops off my wrist. I know, I tell you, this new manager is killing us all."

CHAPTER XIV.

CONCLUSION.

AGAIN the orchards round the Pelican are clothed in snow, not blooming, but real flaky snow, diamond-dusted.

Some faint afternoon sunshine still lingers on the front of the brewery. A group of men stand where the great doors open from the outer to the inner yard, as they stood there six months ago.

There are, however, several gaps in the group since the summer. Certain familiar faces are missing. They are of those who have been weighed in the balances and found wanting. Obadiah Treloggan is one who is conspicuous by his absence. The arrest of William Treloggan had only been a trap by which to secure the real thieves.

The new manager had (as Sophie always suspected) been on the spot before his formal introduction on that memorable May evening. He had become aware of the fact that William Treloggan's wife was in the secret of the two brothers' dishonesty, and was bound to secrecy by Obadiah's wife, who was her own sister. Pascal had not been mistaken in thinking that the arrest of William would soon

wring the truth from his wife as to the bold and long-existing system of dishonesty carried on by Obadiah. She had conducted Pascal, accompanied by Jolliffe, to the place of concealment, under the boards of an outhouse in Obadiah's garden. Here she showed them several barrels of beer, which it appeared he was in the habit of selling on Sunday mornings and at other times when public houses were closed.

"Ho! ho!" Jolliffe had exclaimed to Pascal at the sight; "so *these* are the prophets Master Obadiah is hiding in the cave!"

Obadiah is now resting from business in the gaol at Stoke, where he is likely to spend his Christmas holidays. His wife and children are well cared for in William Treloggan's home across Troutbeck Common. Silas, by the new manager's tact, was saved from being criminally involved in his brother's trial, to William's great and lasting gratitude, and was sent back to his father's farm in Somersetshire.

Although the drays have all returned, "honest Hopkins" is not in the group in the south yard. He also has gone to Stoke gaol to enjoy his recollections of the palmy days of the Pelican. Several others have left, and new men come in their places, better able, perhaps, to endure the new manager's severe discipline.

All about the brewery is in perfect order. If a stray dog appears, it seems to see the different state of things and endeavors to creep out before its trespass is observed.

There *are* pigeons somewhere, but they also come under the new code, and instead of swarming and pillaging in the yards, have taken their food at proper times and gone to roost.

Everything looks intensely clean, proper, orderly, and miserable.

"Deal o' change," sighs old Wharton, not now seated at tea, as in those pleasant days when the orchards were in blossom, and the lilac scent came borne on the steam of the hot grains, up through the inner yard, and old Jolliffe went about humming "The bloom is on the rye." No; Wharton is wrapt in a huge coat and comforter now, and carries his keys in his hand, waiting for the men to depart, and replying shiveringly to their lamentations over the loss of good old times by the invariable complaint, —

"Deal o' changes! Time I were gone where there won't be no more. Great age — deal o' changes!"

Perhaps Mr. Fernyhaugh's office is about the only place where the withering hand of improvement is not yet discernible. He stands before the fireplace, which has a fire in it now, and indulges Messrs. Wilkins and Betts in feasting their young imaginations on the Christmas festivities which he does *not* think he will attend at the various country-seats of the "gov's" colleagues to which he has been pressingly invited. Betts says that to hear of such "scrumptuous" — he probably means sumptuous — entertainments is enough to take away a feller's appetite for plain beef and pudden, and wants to know as usual what a feller's done, by Jove, that he should be so different from other fellers, and expresses a hope that when Fernyhaugh gets into Parliament he will alter "all that."

"To change the subject," says Mr. Fernyhaugh, "the two gov'nors here are in an awful funk to night. Our esteemed manager — yes, I say *esteemed*" — repeats Mr. Fernyhaugh, as he sees signs of irreverence in his listeners at the word. "And I can assure you the gov would have ordered me out of this long ago if he had not heard of some change for the better."

"Never mind, Ferny," says Betts apologetically. "Tell us what's up to-night."

"Up! Why here's Lovibond coming, and the whole matter's to be gone into as to the result of Pascal's investigations, and it's to be decided whether we can go on, or whether we are to shut up shop."

"But *you* know what'll come of it, Ferny," pleads Betts. "What's a feller done that you shouldn't tell us?"

Mr. Fernyhaugh purses up his mouth and shrugs his shoulders.

"I have never broken a promise I made the gov," he declares deprecatingly. "'Augustus,' he said, 'if ever you betray secrets of the heads of your firm to your subs, remember your hopes in a certain quarter are done for. You'll have to remain a mercantile clerk all your life, and I shall cut you off with a shilling.'"

"Well, look here, Ferny," says Wilkins. "I fancy old Trafford thinks things are coming to a bad end. He's looked as yellow all day as yolks of eggs, and his hand shakes like anything."

"Well, *he* has plenty to retire upon; he needn't mind it," says Betts. "But, Ferny, how is it Pascal is so suspicious of him. He watches him as a cat does a mouse. I've seen him watching him through the ventilator a quarter of an hour at a spell."

"Oh! he watches everybody," replies Fernyhaugh. "Upon my word, if I didn't think he was behind me the other night when I went to see a poor fellow I know at Rotherhithe. But I must have been mistaken. Hollo! What's that?"

Something very like a scuffle was heard in the passage outside Mr. Fernyhaugh's office, and directly afterwards the manager's authoritative voice, saying, —

"Mr. Trafford, go back to your office and remain there till you are summoned to the presence of Mr. Jolliffe and Mr. McIntyre. I am surprised at your attempt to leave when you have had notice your presence is required at this meeting."

Mr. Betts, who had gone on tiptoe to the door, comes back with fingers elevated as high as his ears with astonishment.

"Here's a go," he says in a very audible whisper. "Blest if he hasn't locked old Trafford in his den."

At this moment there came a command to Mr. Fernyhaugh from the manager to go to his room immediately. Fernyhaugh, though he assumed supreme indifference, went with a foreboding that some of the effects of the late severe discipline at the Pelican were about to fall on his usually careless head.

"I may as well tell you at once, Mr. Fernyhaugh," said the manager as the clerk closed the office door behind him, "that you have been watched lately."

Fernyhaugh opened his eyes, and elevated his nose still more than usual as he answered without hesitation, —

"I don't know that I need mind that, sir."

"You have been watched out of business hours as well as here, Mr. Fernyhaugh."

Fernyhaugh lowered his head and colored.

"You have been watched to Rotherhithe, Mr. Fernyhaugh."

Fernyhaugh looked guilty. He appeared to have every sign of becoming another martyr to the new manager's rigorous investigation. He remained silent and pale.

"You have been watched to a little house in Cheyne Street, north of Rotherhithe," said the manager.

Suddenly throwing off his nervousness and looking Pascal in the face, Fernyhaugh said almost fiercely, —

"Well, sir, whatever *I* may have to answer for, I am ashamed of nothing *there*."

The manager smiled as he blotted a cheque he had been signing.

"I am glad to hear you say so, Fernyhaugh—very glad. Yes, you were watched by some one who was anxious to be introduced to Mr. Fernyhaugh, senior, of whose doings at Whitehall your subordinates hear so much. Instead of to the palatial mansion in the West End so often described by you, you were followed to Rotherhithe, to the house at Cheyne Street. A little clerk from the Customs lives there. You were heard to call him father; he was heard to bless you as the son who has for years given up all his earnings to keep that large family from starving; who is now supporting it entirely rather than have that father overworked and bullied. Fernyhaugh, you have been a great help to me, and carried out all my plans here as no one else has. I have now a little matter I want you to see to for me to-night. Do you think this will be of service at that little house at Cheyne Street this Christmas?"

"Sir," answered Fernyhaugh, looking down at the cheque for twenty pounds in his hand, and passing his other hand over his eyes, "it will be life—prosperity to them. They are starving."

"Then be off as soon as this meeting is over; and Fernyhaugh, my good fellow, let's hear no more about that 'gov' at Whitehall. That kindly, grateful old father of yours at Rotherhithe is worth more to you than a dozen 'govs' at Whitehall."

"He will be happier at any rate, sir."

"And your 'great expectations' must for the present, I fear, come down to the commonplace fact that your salary is increased to half as much again. Now good-night, though you'll wait here till Trafford goes."

"Good-night, sir, and may your Christmas be as happy as you have made ours. It cannot be much happier. And if you please, sir, if you won't say any more about it, I'll take the opportunity to treat Betts and Wilkins to-morrow night to the pantomime, and make a clean breast of it."

"Ah, do so, and introduce them to your pretty sisters at Rotherhithe. They'll work the better for knowing them."

The news of Mr. Trafford being locked in his office had soon spread through the house.

"That Pascal seemed always to have something on his mind about poor Trafford," said Jolliffe, when he heard of the event, "but I thought it was all cleared up to his satisfaction long ago."

Mrs. Jolliffe was too much crushed by her own sorrows and anxieties to express her indignation at such extraordinary treatment of her favorite, which Trafford had always been.

The dread with which she waited the meeting that was shortly to take place in Jolliffe's private office was shared by Sophie, who, much wasted by months of anxiety and suspense, was propped up with pillows in her father's easy-chair.

The year seemed, indeed, to be coming to a sad close during the last few weeks. Business and private tradesmen had left poor Jolliffe but little of the peace he loved so much. His daughter's health, too, caused him great concern.

His partner's mental trouble, apart from the business troubles, kept him very anxious and restless. For he had much feeling for McIntyre, and had often pressed him to relieve his mind by telling him his secret care. But anything said on that matter caused McIntyre so much agitation that he at last refrained from mentioning it altogether.

"It's a pity Pascal insists on his coming out on such a night," he said, looking from the window for the return of the brougham which the manager had sent for McIntyre. "What good can it do bringing him out? I tried hard to prevent it, and begged that I might be allowed to act for him, but Pascal said his presence was even more necessary than mine."

The brougham arrived soon after dusk, bearing the most helpless and forlorn-looking of beings. The time had come when he could no longer keep from Lovibond his wrong use of Cameron's mortgage. He had told him all his moral certainty of getting it back but for his ward's break with Sophie Jolliffe, and sudden demand. So now he had to meet Lovibond with this dishonor over him, and take him back to the Poplars to see how best to face his ruin, after the business at the brewery should be over, which business would, in all probability, mean another kind of ruin.

"Is Lovibond here yet?" asked the faintest of falsetto voices, as Pascal removed the wraps from the trembling form, cold in spite of them.

"Not yet, but he will be here soon, I think," answered the manager, "and I have a letter from him in case he cannot come."

He led McIntyre into Jolliffe's room, which looked at its best and cosiest, though prepared for business so much dreaded.

Jolliffe soon came down, and was seated in the easy-chair opposite his partner, whose weird, startled expression he regarded with much sadness.

"Now," said the manager, who appeared all calmness and decision, "we will, if you please, get through the most unpleasant part of our evening's business first."

He went out and returned with Trafford, who looked like an animated corpse.

"Now, Mr. Trafford," said Pascal, "tell your little story in as few words as you like, and remember if it is to be given *fully*, according to our agreement, I will certainly keep my promise, and see that you leave the country safely with all your savings."

The head clerk of the Pelican stood with his hands on the edge of the table, on Jolliffe's side.

Pascal, with a light in his face that somehow attracted Jolliffe's attention more than the abject terror of Trafford, stood intently regarding McIntyre.

"Now, sir, we wait," said Pascal with military sharpness.

"I have to confess," began Trafford, the drops standing out on that high forehead all had thought a very tablet on which honesty was written, "that I have been guilty of a crime I have wickedly kept secret for twenty years."

McIntyre began to lift his shadowy head. Trafford bent his lower, and continued, looking with wild eyes on McIntyre, —

"You may perhaps remember, sir, when your son, Mr. Allan, went away there was a small sum remaining of the five hundred pounds left by Mrs. McIntyre for his education."

McIntyre put his hand to his head, then waved it towards the manager impatiently.

"Why is the dead past brought back to me?" he asked wearily and reproachfully. Then the thoughts that had been aroused in him seemed to gain ascendancy, and he said with decision, —

"There was a hundred and fifty pounds left of my wife's money for her son at the time he left, to be given to him when he was of age. And that he sent for and had. Yes, I remember quite well now he had it."

He spoke with almost angry decision. Jolliffe thought that perhaps his present great anxiety on Cameron's account made any question as to other money transactions of peculiar pain to him.

"Now, Mr. Trafford," said the manager sternly.

"Mr. Allan McIntyre wrote to me," continued Trafford, "leaving it to me whether I would ask for it or not. I saw you about it and —"

"And I gave it you for him."

"Go on," said Pascal to the clerk.

"Sir, I was tempted to keep it and tell Mr. Allan you would not give it then. He wrote back and thanked me and said nothing should ever make him ask you again for it."

"But," cried McIntyre, "I saw his acknowledgment of it."

"I showed you a note I said had come from him, but you did not take it, sir. You only told me to lock it up."

"And that — go on, Mr. Trafford," said Pascal.

"That note was, sir — it almost kills me to say it — it was forged by me."

"That will do," said Pascal. "And now, Mr. Trafford, in return for this full confession of your *worst* crime, we will so far pardon your systematic fraud in this business for many years as to let you leave the country with your ill-gotten gains. The cab is waiting for you. I would advise you to make haste away from this neighborhood."

The manager opened the door and let Trafford out before either partner had power to speak or move. On Jolliffe the effect of the head clerk's confession had been most curious. Instead of watching the guilty Trafford, his eyes had seemed riveted to Pascal's face, which had become quite fine in its increasing serenity, and — there is no other word for the expression of the hard disciplinarian's face just then — benevolence.

To McIntyre, though he had felt the excitement of the scene, and had roused himself to take his part in it, the whole reference to his son had been but like a shoot of pain through a numbed limb. It was, as he had said, a thing of the dead past. His present, living misery about Cameron overpowered everything.

"This is sad, Jolliffe," he observed, with a distraught manner, "strange, very important too. Mr. Pascal is evidently doing his work most thoroughly — most thoroughly indeed — but, but pray excuse me, Mr. Pascal, I am so very anxious to see Lovibond. What time did you say he would be here?"

Never, since Trafford's departure from the room, had Jolliffe's eyes left Pascal's face. Pascal was as attentively observing McIntyre's. He looked now into the beseeching, haggard eyes, as he stood on the rug between the two partners. And he

said in a voice more gentle and natural and rich than they had heard from him before, —

"May I not be your adviser instead of Lovibond?"

What could be the matter with Jolliffe? He had risen and laid his hand on the new manager's arm, and his comely old face was filling with a seer's inspiration and with a good heart's most grateful and religious feeling of delight and awe.

"McIntyre," said he, stooping till one hand touched the thin fingers on the chair arm, while the other remained on the manager's wrist — "McIntyre! *Who is this?*"

McIntyre gazed up at Jolliffe and then at Pascal, with that nervous dread of fresh trouble with which those laboring under great mental and physical exhaustion regard any unexpected interruption to the business of the hour. But when his eyes had rested a moment on Pascal's, which were looking down into his affectionately and reverently, McIntyre laid his hand on his partner's and his bewildered mind seemed looking up to him for help to erase or verify some unbelievable impression.

But Jolliffe turned from him, in his own great unrestrainable joy. One plump hand descended on Pascal's shoulder and the other clasped his hand, as we only clasp the hand of one appearing out of the dread uncertainty and dimness of long absence — absence we have thought would be endless.

"McIntyre! it's your boy! Your noble boy. A nobler man! It's my Bonaparte of fortune come back victorious! My brave Allan!"

A faint sound, a gasped word or sigh, from McIntyre made Jolliffe suddenly curb in his joy, remembering his partner's precarious health and the danger of so great a surprise.

He drew back a little way but he dared not leave them, for McIntyre sat looking so strangely at the great, dark-faced form. It seemed to represent the dead past he had tried to shut from him. But now *it lived*, he felt. Two warm, strong hands from it grasped his, and sent fresh life throbbing through him. By their aid he tried to draw himself up, that he might look closer into the eyes that seemed bringing the warmth of his wife's love back into his soul. He did draw himself up; but still the misery of the present — his dishonor — came between him and that past he would now fain meet as warmly as it was meeting him.

"Cameron," he moaned, "the mortgage; where is Lovibond?"

"My father! all that is settled. Cameron has his money. Concern yourself no more about it. He knows nothing but that it is all right."

Still the form and face of MacIntyre seemed only to express wonder and self-doubt.

Jolliffe laid his hand gently on his arm.

"Unbelieving Jacob!" said he. "Can you not see in this — this relief as to Keith's affairs and in those loans as to which Lovibond was so mysteriously obliging — can't you see in these the 'wagons' and good things from Egypt that should make you believe and bid your spirit revive!"

He waited for no answer, but went gently out and left them together — alone.

"My father."

There was a rich mellow music in the linking of those two words (never so linked by Allan before that night), a music which told of the tender, sole ambition, the manly determination of the best years, the very heart, of a lifetime.

The poor, weary, vapor-surrounded head wavered a little, then sank somehow out of sight against Allan — sank almost as low as the heart whose noblest efforts had been in anticipation of this moment.

It may take the very finest qualities to win the forgiveness and affection of one utterly unworthy of them; but who can tell what greater, diviner victory, unknown here, may not be included in that apparently small conquest?

Jolliffe went gently into the room where his wife and daughter waited to hear the results of the meeting.

He stood before the fire, looking into it and wiping his spectacles.

"Is it all over?" asked Mrs. Jolliffe.

"I don't know, my love," answered Jolliffe with a strange depth of placidity in his voice. "I came away because poor McIntyre had broken down. I left him in our manager's care. It is his son Allan. He has come back a very wealthy man."

That night the Pelican relapsed strangely into its former unbusiness-like spirit. The question of finance was never gone into at all.

McIntyre was led up to Jolliffe's sitting-room by the manager, who smilingly accepted Sophie's pillowed chair for him.

"I want to speak to you a minute," he whispered to her. "Would Mr. Dwining

be very jealous if I asked you to come into the drawing-room with me?"

He very soon, almost instantly, came back without her. Bending over Mrs. Jolliffe, he said, —

"Dwining is there. I found out about a grand mistake of theirs through Dwining's friend, a pupil of Hall's, and I made Dwining see how he was wasting his opportunity."

Allan gave up the management of the brewery to Jolliffe, having, as he said, had quite enough of it, and intending to take his father to a more genial climate, and brighter scenes, undimmed by any sad remembrances.

From The Fortnightly Review.
TASSO.

"Be sad, as we would make ye: think ye see the very persons of our noble story as they were living."

PROLOGUE TO HENRY VIII.

"LONG live the supreme master of art, Goethe!" shouted the enthusiastic students of Halle, when the great man visited little Lauchstadt in order to be present at the opening of its theatre; and our present enterprise will consist in some attempt to estimate and to enjoy one of the many-sided master's works which belongs emphatically to the region of pure art, and to contrast Goethe's treatment of the sad fortunes of Tasso at the court of Ferrara with the historical basis upon which his poem is reared. The question of the comparative excellence of a dramatic poem and a poetical drama is an old and even a vexed one. Without stopping to decide which is the higher form of art product, we shall do wisely to enjoy both forms, each in its own sphere. We may take delight in "Comus" and in "Philip van Artevelde," without lessening our admiration for "Hamlet" and "Othello." For the *dernier mot* on the subject, we cannot do better than cite Goethe himself. He says: "It must be said, loudly and clearly, that the reader must stand apart from the spectator and hearer; each has his own rights, and neither must trench upon the rights of the others."

"Torquato Tasso, ein Schauspiel," is, primarily, written for readers. It does not fully answer the demands of the acting drama, or the exigencies of stage requirement; but, to the reader, its worth and charm are not lessened by the want of dramatic action or of stage vitality. It may be no *drama*, in the full and proper sense of the word, but it is a dramatic

poem of rare and high beauty. It is full of æsthetic ideality, and it flows in subtle music and in tender harmony, through a series of mighty and of faultless lines. Goethe approached the sad story of Tasso's love from the side of poetic idealism rather than from that of acting attrition; the conflicts that he depicted were those that work within the soul. The treatment that he devoted to his theme was subjective. In part, this style of treatment was dictated by the essence of the subject itself, as that presented itself in form and shape within his own mind. In "Faust," in "Egmont," in "Clarigo," in "Götz," he is far more dramatic, and shows a stronger sympathy with the acting drama. "I have never admitted an affectation into my poetry," he tells Eckermann. He could not live or work in a falsehood. He would not, in his old age, sit in a room and write war songs when he was not inspired by military feeling, or by hatred; nor would he, when he approached the theme of Tasso's sorrows, treat his subject with a stage vitalism which to his art sense was antagonistic to the subject's essence and spirit. In his poem he disdains theatrical effect. Those things in a drama which most strongly move a public did not, perhaps, most deeply touch him, and he was too genuine ever to affect or to misemploy them. In connection with Tasso, he cannot strike fire out of the attrition of event and incident; he does not care for the conflict and contact of passion. Nay, he does not even strive for the pathetic; he does not seek to touch the reader's heart. The sad romance of a poet's hapless love he deals with loftily and through a vision of poetic ideality. He is a law to himself. Schiller was a much more effective theatre poet, and would have made Tasso's story popular and strong, of stage effect and of dramatic working; but Schiller never could have written a poem which would have appealed, as Goethe's "Tasso" does, to the critical and cultivated few. Goethe's readers must supply the place of auditors or of spectators. The full-handed reverberation of popular applause must ever be wanting to the German poet's treatment of the woes of the Italian poet; but in the "sessions of sweet silent thought" the poem of the Swan of Weimar will linger in the charmed memories of those high, rare readers, who will not willingly let its echoes die. "Tasso" is not so fit for the glare of the crowded theatre as it is for the quiet joy shone upon by the solitary

reading-lamp. At the same time it must be remembered that there is work of the quiet, superlative class which is as effective on the boards as it is delightful in the closet. "Hamlet" is, perhaps, almost better to read than it is to be seen. Unless it be played as it but rarely can be, it is pleasanter to read than it is even to see this profoundly thoughtful tragedy. The interpreters who, within the "wooden O," make the characters act and live, may also sometimes coarsen our conceptions of the poet's delicate poetical intentions. The acting drama has its strongest influence in an objective age—in a time in which men see and hear, but do not often read. Goethe's "Tasso" belongs to a day in which all men could read.

It is always interesting to consider the bases upon which great dramatists have built up their works. Rarely has a dramatic poet of the first rank invented a plot or story. Incident is the mere basis upon which dramatic creation begins its work. An historical character, an historical epoch, a legend, or a chronicle, have usually furnished the raw materials out of which the poet has made a play. Take the four great abstract tragedies of "Hamlet," "Lear," "Macbeth," "Othello." Three are based upon half legendary chronicles; the other was suggested by an unimportant Italian novel. Goethe's plays are founded upon legend, tale, or history. In truth the invention of the dramatist begins to work after the outline of incident, or the material of event, have been supplied from other sources. Goethe's Tasso is, of course, based upon the Tasso of history; and in order to enable us to appreciate his creative treatment of the historical character, it will be worth our while to consider briefly the bald but suggestive records of the poet who once lived and loved, who suffered and who sang.

Ariosto was the poetical glory of the court of Ferrara under Alfonso I. Tasso occupies the same position—though the position is modified by a very different fate and issue—at the court of Alfonso II. Lucrezia Borgia made her entry into Ferrara as the tainted wife of the dark duke, Alfonso I., in 1502. The son of this Alfonso, and of the daughter of Alexander VI., Duke Ercole II., succeeded his father, and reigned until his death in October, 1559. This son of Lucrezia Borgia married Renea, daughter of Louis XII., and his wife became an enthusiast for the Reformation. Calvin and Clement Marot both found shelter from persecution

at the court of Ferrara, and this shelter was accorded, not by the duke, but by the brave and generous duchess. Lucrezia Borgia never saw her daughter-in-law; nor would the daughter of Rodrigo Borgia easily have believed that her son's wife would be the enemy of that Church which had had as its chiefs a Borgia, a Rovere, a Medici. The Rovere family called Renea "a monster;" and her husband, when, in 1554, he detected her heretical tendencies, immured his duchess in a cloister. When the Holy Office began its work in Ferrara, the dowager-duchess Renea escaped to France, where she lived in communion with the Huguenots, and where, in her castle of Montargis, she died in 1575. Renea brought to her husband several children. These were, the hereditary prince, afterwards Alfonso II. (this is Goethe's and Tasso's Alfonso); Luigi, who became a cardinal; Donna Anna, married to the Duke of Guise; Donna Lucrezia, who became duchess of Urbino; and Donna Leonora (this is Goethe's and Tasso's Leonora), who died unmarried. Alfonso II. began his reign in 1559, while his widowed mother was alive and restrained in a convent. Alfonso died in 1597. He was not unmarried, but remained childless; and with him died out the direct male line of the proud and ancient house of Este.

He was succeeded by his cousin, of base blood, Don Caesar, the grandson of Alfonso I.; but the pope refused to recognize Don Caesar as the heir of Ferrara, and the unfortunate man had to submit to a decree of Clement VIII., pronounced 13th January, 1598, and ceded his claims upon the duchy. He withdrew to Modena with the barren title of duke of a city. He had in him no strain of the blood of Borgia, but he had that of Laura Dianti. Ferrara passed, through the archduke Ferdinand, at the end of the eighteenth century, to the house of Austria-Este.

Space restricts me to a very curt allusion to the Tasso of fact before passing on to the Tasso of fiction; but, ere we leave the Tasso of history for the Tasso of Goethe, I must yet rapidly summarize the known events in the life of one poet, in so far as those formed the basis of another and a greater poet's picture of the Italian bard.

Torquato Tasso was born at Sorrento in 1544. He was therefore twenty years old at the date of Shakespeare's birth. In Italy the epic and the sonnet still remained the forms of art in which poetry

worked. In England the drama of the Elizabethan age was attracting to its powerful field of working the highest poetical genius of the time. The influence of Italian literature was strong in England, and the ideals which animated Tasso were the same as those which stirred Sidney. Love, chivalry, romance, noble war, knightly prowess, were the themes which inspired both; and the "Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia," the production of Sidney's "high-erected thoughts seated in a heart of courtesy," took its delight in scenes, actions, characters, which were not dissimilar in very essence to those of "La Gerusalemme Liberata." The patron who introduced Tasso, then the author of "Rinaldo," to the court of Ferrara, was the cardinal Luigi d'Este, the brother of Alfonso II. The two sisters, Lucrezia and Leonora, were then at court, though the former was soon, as wife of the duke of Urbino, to quit Ferrara. Tasso conceived a mad, stealthy passion for the unmarried sister of his prince. His disclosure of his frantic passion was long restrained by a just dread of consequences. Forgetting that disparity of rank which was so strong a factor in Italy in the sixteenth century, he dared to indulge lawless and audacious hopes. Nay, more; he ventured, as Professor Rossini records in his "Life of Tasso, and Causes of his Imprisonment," to write secretly, and to circulate stealthily, prurient verses, in which he boasted of favors which he had never received from the princess. Such verses came, of course, in time, to the knowledge of Alfonso; and the proud duke preferred to consider that the man who could write such loose songs in slander of a prince's sister was mad. The question of Tasso's madness is a difficult one. There was probably a strain of insanity in his vain and morbid mind; but it suited the duke to impute madness, and it suited Tasso, lest a worse thing should befall him, to accept the imputation. He was condemned at first to a gentle, almost nominal, confinement in the monastery of St. Francis. He wandered restlessly and aimlessly to many cities—to Naples and Sorrento, to Mantua, to Paris. While in Paris, in the suite of Cardinal Luigi d'Este, Tasso had speech of Montaigne, and returned, under humiliating conditions, to Ferrara. In 1595 he was to be crowned with laurel in Rome; but then his last illness overcame him, and on 25th April, 1595, Tasso died in St. Onofrio. Many pilgrims have since read the inscription, *Torquati Tassi ossa hic jacent.*

Upon such a hint Goethe spake. The biographies of Tasso are not remarkable for insight into his character, and the chief record that remains is that of the bare incident of his unhappy and misplaced love, of his real or assumed madness, of his restless wanderings, of his unhappy end. It is almost needless to say that Goethe has not adopted a realistic or even an historical picture of persons or of place. The real Alfonso, a "tyrant" of a small Italian court of the Renaissance, was a very different prince from the Alfonso that Goethe has drawn. The actual Leonora bore no resemblance to Goethe's noble princess. The relations between poet and lady were, in fact, widely unlike those which Goethe has pictured; and the treatment which Tasso received was something very remote from the dealings with him in the play. Goethe's treatment of his theme is wholly imaginative; but he has drawn his Tasso vibrating uneasily on that misty borderland which is the debatable ground between sanity and insanity. Goethe paints him with equal strength and delicacy, with spiritual insight and creating consistency; as a man sensitive, suspicious, morbid, self-conscious, envious, melancholy. He causes his own unhappiness, but unhappy he is. Goethe's study presents a clearer picture of Tasso himself than is to be obtained from the biographies. It is, perhaps, a study in morbid pathology; it is a portrait of a poet according to the popular acceptance of a poet—that is, of a poet who belongs wholly to the second rank in poetry. It in no manner presents poets such as Shakespeare or Goethe himself, men who were sovereign lords alike of their characters and their gift, but it depicts the inferior craftsman of poetry, whose character is overweighted by his talent. Goethe's Tasso is a weakling, eaten up by individual discontent at his own lot in the universe. He is impressionable, impulsive, angry, sullen, jealous; he is melancholy, sorrowful, because he believes the whole world to be his enemy. Full of a wrong sense of being wronged, Tasso has developed egotism to disease. He quiveringly repulses affection, friendship; and he rejects with irritated scorn the honors which his unhappy, self-tormenting temperament insists upon regarding as insults and as wrongs. He is miserable, but he is the author of his own misery. Gifted with the delicate nervous organization of a self-intoxicated poet who is doomed, as rougher men are, to grind out life among the iron wheels of neces-

sity, we greatly pity and yet partly despise the poet who, without being wholly ignoble, cannot attain to the dignity of life based upon the noble foundations of his talent and his art. Ingenious in self-torment, he is ever in extremes of rapture or despair, and yet can never free himself from himself, or learn the value and the worth of life. Fond of show, luxury, pleasure, eager for recognition and greedy of praise, he cannot live in serene contentment with his own high gift and power. Vanity poisons his talent. For a poet of his day and land, his circumstances and his surroundings were of the happiest and the best; but he cannot win peace of mind or gain self-respect; and a certain restless littleness of spirit renders him capable of baseness towards benefactors, of malignity towards patron and towards friend. He has the flow and glow of fervid, even though it be sometimes shallow, eloquence; and his feeling is quick rather than deep. He misconceives the characters and actions of those who wish him well; and in the exaggeration of morbid feeling his extreme conception of his own gift and merits raises up a monstrous apparition of want of recognition of his claims, a spectre of enmity on the part of those who regard and treat him with noble courtesy and tender consideration. His feverish dream of life is a false representation of life; his view of his own lot is a wrong to those who seek to make it so fair and smooth. Such is the being that Goethe has conceived and created; and such a poet is to be placed in conflict with such action as the noble art-style of the poem could admit.

The princess—the Leonora whose name is so indissolubly connected with that of Tasso—is, in Goethe's play, a sweet and stately creation, tender as high-hearted, noble in feeling as in thought. She is chaste and pure, enthusiastic in her love for poetry, full of tender regard for the poet whom she ranks so highly, but yet remaining true to the instincts of her order and the duties of her rank. If, in a lofty way, as the cold moon looks down upon the earth, she feels a kind of love for Tasso, that love is a love of the imagination, and is unmingled with passion or with heart. Goethe's Leonora could never fully return the love of Goethe's Tasso. When his audacious passion impels the poet to transgress the limits of modesty and to fold her in a wild embrace, the outraged princess cries "Away!" and flies from her lawless adorer. The princess could only love with honor. She could

not help attracting, but she would never stoop to allure, nor could she descend from her pedestal to love *par amour*. The fair ideal court painted by Goethe is rather that of Weimar than of Ferrara, and belongs to a period later than the sensuous Renaissance. Jean Paul speaks of the "sweet orange flower garland" of Goethe's poem; but he adds that the princess pictured by the German poet is, in essence, a German maiden, who can think and ponder over love, and who does not feel like an inhabitant of so warm a clime. Goethe's Tasso again is not, according to Jean Paul, an impulsive, passionate Italian, but is a reflective German, who only succeeds in unskillfully entangling himself in the perplexities of life and love.

It is indeed noteworthy how little *Zeitkolorit*, how little *couleur locale*, Goethe has bestowed upon his "Tasso." The Renaissance was virtually "the Middle Ages in dissolution," and manners were corrupt while inclinations were irresistible. Italians of the sixteenth century were not given to introspection or analysis; love was then a glowing or prurient passion, felt but not thought about. It might impel to madness or induce to crime; but it was an impulse too simple, too passionate, too sensual, to be brooded over in self-questionings, to be checked by conscience, or restrained by thought. Goethe has painted an Italian garden, rich with the perfume of orange blossoms; but the fair figures that fill the Italian garden are not actuated by Italian feeling, do not throb with Italian blood. Leonora Sanvitale (also a Leonora), Countess of Scandiano, is the other female character in the play. She bears towards the princess something of the relation which Emilia bears towards Desdemona. The fair countess is married; but she is worldly, is a coquette, not too nice about points of honor, and she is voluptuous, sensuous, dangerous. Both ladies are full of a finer culture than that of the Italian *virago* of the Renaissance, and both are proud of being the friends and patronesses of a distinguished poet. The countess is able and shrewd; she has experience both of life and love; and, but for Tasso's mad passion for the princess, the second Leonora would gladly have rivalled the first in the love of the poet of knightly deeds and of romantic passions. Alfonso II., duke of Ferrara, is magnanimous, wise, generous, and a princely master. He, too, belongs but imperfectly to his day and to Ferrara; nor is he without some traits that suggest Karl August, of Weimar.

Antonio Montecatino, ambassador and secretary of state, is drawn as an experienced, diplomatic, political man of the world and of the state. He is the natural antagonist of Tasso, whom he treats as a spoiled child and an unworthy favorite of the court. Antonio is manly, proud, and noble, but he is emphatically a man of the world and a man of action, and has but scant sympathy with the vain, irritable, morbid poet. He is somewhat cold and hard, and even austere scornful towards the excitable singer, and holds in angry contempt Tasso's scandals against the princess.

In the first act of Goethe's poem all the characters are poetically depicted and introduced; and, in the sunny garden of Belriguardo, we move among the graceful figures, we feel the fine manners, and recognize the delicate conventions of a noble, a cultured, an ideal court. The play "has a plan, but no plot." The whole action consists of an angry dialogue which leads to a challenge and an imprisonment, and to a violent embrace which compels banishment and entails misery. The play stops, but does not end; yet this conclusion, in which nothing is concluded, is found, upon consideration, to be the fitting and suggestive termination of the poem. The play is remarkable throughout for the tone and keeping of its lofty, ideal art style, for its masterly simplicity and unity, for the exalted harmony and beauty of its diction and dialogue. It is a play that can be enjoyed in isolated scenes and through particular passages. The imagination of the reader is so satisfied and delighted that he scarcely longs to become a spectator of the play in action on the boards.

The great scenes between Leonora and Tasso may not be theatrical, but are dramatic. The thoughts and feelings of either character are fully expressed; the poet has entered into the inner consciousness of lady and of bard, and has amply realized for the reader the opposing eddies and currents of emotion which agitate hearts connected by attraction and divided by attrition. Tasso speaks rapturously of that golden age in which the only law of life was sweet desire. The princess replies, that not the thing which is pleasant, but that which is fit and becoming, is lawful, according to noble law. In any other play the dramatist would certainly have provided the countess with at least an intrigue, but Goethe, with fine art instinct, has restricted all the love in the poem to the gracious and graceful poet and prin-

cess. In "Tasso" there is no question of "native wood-notes wild." The art of the play is measured and restrained. It remains true to an æsthetic key-note; but the work has the rare charm and value of presenting always high thoughts floating and upborne upon waves of pure and liquid melody.

The presence of a poet permeates the poem, and the influences of a court surround all the actions of all the characters. Tasso's position and temperament are always clearly revealed. The physician says of him, —

Where'er he treads, he thinks himself surrounded
By troops of foes.

The princess tells him, —

But thou — O scarcely, after many years,
Canst thou succeed in finding thine own self
Reflected in a friend.

Leonora can anticipate Rome, and place a wreath upon the poet's brow, but yet she sees into his character and distrusts its egotism.

Friends, wiser and more clear-seeing than is Tasso himself, often attempt, but always fail in the attempt, to reveal to him his inner and diseased self.

Alfonso bids him to

free thyself from thyself;

and urges him to

learn, O learn, I pray thee, well to know
The worth of life.

If the poet learn that, then

The man will gain that which the poet yields.

The wise Antonio, with his clear, cold insight, says to the self-intoxicated bard whom he is vainly advising, —

Nathless, thou thinkest out of these my words
A thing quite other than the thing I mean.

Again, —

Thou thyself show'st me why I scorn thee
still;

and the haughty minister knows that
Tasso

dares, in blasphemy,
To libel, to defame, the very Princess.

Of the princess's feeling towards Tasso, the astute countess says: —

For her affection for the noble man
Is like her other passions;

They shine as does the moon's calm, cold, still
ray
Feebly upon the wanderer of the night,
And warm not.

.

She would rejoice
If he were far, and if she knew him happy.

The passage,

There is no fairer sight in all the world
Than is a prince that wisely knows to rule :
His is the realm in which all pride obeys,
Where each man seems to only serve himself
Because he's only ordered to do right,

may be held to apply more fitly to Weimar than to Ferrara.

Tasso's constant tendency to believe all the world, and his warmest friends, to be always in a conspiracy against him; his unreasonable conduct towards the duke; his misunderstanding of Antonio and the countess; his imputation of mean and unworthy motives to straightforward and to friendly action; his shameful and unwarranted declaration of love to the princess, — all these things point subtly to a state of sanity injured and endangered by vanity and egotism. Antonio is really a friend to Tasso, but is a friend who will not flatter, who cannot worship, who must despise. When Tasso, by his conduct towards Leonora, has compelled a breach with the kindly court, it rests with Antonio to speak the tender sentence, and that once spoken, the fair ideal life in the garden of Belriguardo — the garden in which the "Gerusalemme Liberata" is presented by Tasso to Alfonso, by poet to patron — vanishes into thin air; the music ceases, and the sweet dream is an insubstantial pageant faded.

"Tasso" contains many of those mighty lines which, as quotations, are stored up in the treasure-house of a people's possessions of great thoughts set in fitting language. We must attempt to English, however imperfectly, one or two of the best-known passages. In Germany one constantly hears quoted the original of —

If thou would'st fully know what manners
mean,
Then learn from noble women what they teach.

Where morals manners sway, there reigns the
woman;

But there where license wallows, she is naught.
And would'st thou the two sexes understand —
Woman loves rule and order, freedom man.

To the princess are entrusted noble lines, in which a great poet pays due homage to the divinity of noble women.

Goethe first conceived his "Tasso" in 1780. The idea of the play-poem occurred to the poet on the occasion of a walk to Tüfirt. In 1780 he actually began the work, and on 7th of November, after his

return from Kochburg, he read the first scene to his "nearest and only public," Charlotte and Knebel. After the completion of the first act, he was compelled to lay the work aside; but he wrote a part of it in Rome, and re-wrote and finished the play after his return to Weimar.

He delayed for a very long time bringing his "Tasso" on the stage. He could not, he says, believe that "Tasso" could be successfully produced upon the boards; but in the second year after the death of Schiller he gave way to the pressure put upon him by actors and admirers, and consented to the performance of the play. The piece was first acted 16th of February, 1807, and was a great success in the Weimar Theatre. The noble picture which it presented of a fine and cultured court must have rendered the poem singularly attractive in the classic though then sorrowing city of Karl August. "Tasso" became a stock piece in Weimar, and remains a great festival play in Germany, though it is very difficult to obtain a complete cast. It can always be given by ideal actors to the delight of ideal audiences; but it never can be a popular or powerful acting play. On 14th February, 1810, "Tasso" was played to Goethe's entire satisfaction. He records: "It would be tempting God to expect that the piece should ever again be acted so well." Only a dramatic poet can fully realize the delight of seeing such a poem of his own worthily and triumphantly presented through the mimic life of the theatre. "Tasso" was produced in the time of the deep political humiliation of Germany, after the French had occupied and half ruined Weimar. It became then an object with Goethe to restore national respect by reviving the national drama, and when such a desire was paramount, "Tasso" could not be withheld from the boards.

The question of Goethe's abstract idea of Tasso as a poet, may be gathered from his statement made to Eckermann when, in 1824, the news reached him of the death of Byron. After Goethe had spoken with the warmest recognition and the highest praise of the great English poet, the conversation turned upon a comparison between Tasso and Byron, and Goethe said that he would not conceal his opinion of the immense superiority of Byron, "for intellect, human interest, and creative power;" and he added, "One cannot compare these poets without annihilating the one by the other. Byron is the burning thorn-bush that reduces to ashes the holy cedars of Lebanon. The great epic of

the Italian has maintained its reputation for centuries, but one can kill the whole 'Gerusalemme Liberata' with a single line of 'Don Juan.'"

To that reader for whom Goethe primarily worked when composing his ideal dramatic poem criticism must address itself when it essays to analyze and to enjoy the beauties and the meanings of his exquisite "TORQUATO TASSO, EIN SCHAU-SPIEL."

H. SCHUTZ WILSON.

From Temple Bar.

THE DIAMOND DUKE.

IF the poets and the sages are right, and the head is necessarily hapless that wears a crown, there ought to be some comfort for the wearer in the fact that the crown is a very little one. To some meaner minds, indeed, it may appear that the lot of a petty potentate affords as many chances of happiness as that of any human creature of average appetites. It gives the enjoyment of sovereign dignity nominally equal to that of empress or czar; and the grand duke of Pumpnickel is often on his territory a much more real sovereign than either. He can enjoy a maximum of pomp with a minimum of politics. He can administer charity and justice to all his subjects, be a more benevolent Haroun al Raschid than the caliph ever was. He is not worth plotting against from within, he is not worth fighting against from without. He can patronize art freely and be the friend of artists. No monster cities growl and pant, and pine, too, around his palace. No colossal commercial system alternately feeds and starves his subjects. His is better than the vaunted golden mediocrity; it is august insignificance; historic fame and name without the responsibility of making history. All these happy conditions were united around the cradle of a baby born at Brunswick on the 30th October, 1804. The child was the future head of the most illustrious royal house in Europe, a house whose genealogical tree descends to Witkind and spreads into every court of the Continent. For centuries it had been famous in Italy at Modena and Ferrara as D'Este, famous in Germany as Guelph; it had governed a dozen French provinces; it had ruled Saxony, Austria, Bavaria, Prussia, Hanover; it had held Parma, Lucca, Florence, Bologna, Sardinia, Corsica. It had worn Charlemagne's crown; it numbered

among its sons and daughters Henry the Superb, Henry the Lion, the emperor Otho, the sainted Adelaide, Queen Theodolinda, Mathilda, the Italian Joan of Arc. And in the present the baby possessed, among his near relations, the empress of Russia, the queens of Sweden and Bavaria, the king and regent of England, nearly all the minor German princes. His sixteen godfathers and godmothers represented all the non-Catholic states of Europe. He was named Charles Frederick William Augustus — and he died seventy years after, the most despicable figure in the most scandalous chronicles of our times.

His apologists — even he has had one or two — allege that the troublous times of his boyhood and his designedly evil education are chiefly responsible for the extraordinary perversity that shaped his career. But the storms were over before he was twelve, and his brother, who received the same education as himself, developed into a very respectable, humdrum, constitutional princelet. True, two years after the salvoes that hailed his birth, the guns of Jena thundered. The old *Reiter*, his grandfather, regirded the sword that had helped the great Frederick, and fell blinded, to die a day or two afterwards. The Brunswick family was compelled to fly; the baby, in charge of Colonel Nordenfels, being kept somewhat too much as a hostage by the king of Prussia, until he could be smuggled away to Sweden in an English vessel. The Tilsit treaty abolished the duchy, which swelled the new Westphalian kingdom Jerome Bonaparte came over from America to govern. The legitimate duke raged all over Europe with a flaming sword, eager to reconquer his domains, to avenge his father by means of any political alliances, in any sovereign's service. He raised a little army of three thousand warriors, and actually led them across Bonaparte-ridden Germany, from Bohemia to the Baltic, halting one night under the walls of Brunswick, where the victorious Jerome lay sleeping. At Leipsic he recaptured his throne, and at Quatre-Bras died defending it at the head of his Black Hussars against Jerome Bonaparte in person. There is all a stanza in "Childe Harold" devoted to "Brunswick's fated chieftain."

Meanwhile the little princes — a smaller Wilhelm had joined small Charles — were safe in London, in a modest palace at Vauxhall. They were extravagantly petted by the royal family — especially by

Princess Caroline; and her daughter, the ill-fated Charlotte, was as a sister to them. Duke Charles's allegation to his last days was that the prince regent was anything but a father. He certainly at the general peace allowed the duchy to be despoiled, while he made a kingdom of his own Hanover; but his tutelage has not been *proved* pernicious in design, if it gave rise to strange rumors — and some curious realities. The arbitrary abduction of Thomas Prince, the young duke's chaplain and tutor, has an ugly look, and his incarceration for life in Bedlam has only been lamely explained. The Baron von Lindingen, the new tutor, was sent with his charges to Lausanne, and, it is said, ordered to educate them in a manner that should render them wholly incapable of governing. They were kept separated from their nearest kin, wandering purposelessly in Italy and southern Germany. But the Brunswick legend is not to be trusted. It accuses George IV. of having bribed her doctor to procure Princess Charlotte's death in childbirth; of having poisoned Queen Caroline with a glass of lemonade administered at Drury Lane Theatre; of having assassinated Duke Augustus, the boys' uncle, two hours after he had dared present himself at a ministerial council in Brunswick and claim a share of the regency. That the king endeavored to postpone the epoch of Duke Charles's majority is certain; all Germany for more than a year was full of the wrangles of jurisconsults, historiographers, and diplomatists. But the duke had on his side a power that had made and unmade kings — Metternich took up his cause, and at nineteen George IV.'s ward entered his own capital an independent sovereign, welcomed as interesting young princes new to their peoples generally are.

The dominant idea in his clouded brain seems to have been an indomitable, almost a maniacal suspicion and dread of his English kinsmen. He would have no official who had been employed under the prince regent; he accused the chief of the Cabinet, then Schmidt Fiseldeck, of malversations, and demanded his extradition of Hanover. When the Duke of Cambridge returned his visit, he indulged his rancor childishly and made the obese old man travel all over the palace ere he reached his august presence. But together with these phantasies his mind nurtured vaguely generous thoughts of popular reform and redemption, dreams of schemes for a kind of Cæsarism, projects

for playing the father of his people and bestowing on every subject the Sunday *poule au pot* of Henry IV. He even began to realize his reveries, in his own fitful, fantastic way, but then Metternich stepped in: a young prince was not going to be allowed to preach and practise subversive humanitarianism in the heart of Germany, midway between the remembered '93 and the daily prophesied '48. And so the young reformer was advised to open his mind by travel, go dance in Berlin and Vienna and Paris, and finally pay a long visit to that wicked uncle of his, the fat Adonis in four waistcoats who ruled these shores. The uncle seems to have behaved with more than avuncular amiability — outwardly, at least. The young prince was treated like the chief of a great State. The Duke of Wellington was deputed to receive him; state balls were given in his honor; when he went to Scotland, Edinburgh conferred on him the freedom of the city; he was created a general and given the colonelcy of a household regiment. The king regretted this last favor, by-the-by, and offered him the garter in exchange. The duke refused, and sent his uncle a few days after his portrait in miniature, red-coated and cocked-hatted. His chief companions were the Dukes of Clarence and Sussex; and to this last he first confided the unfortunate passion or whim which led to his unhappy marriage. The story is a stale one. The prince remarked a young girl, beautiful, well born, and of blameless character. Miss Charlotte Colville was no sport for a royal holiday, she must be wife or nothing, and it suited her lover's pride, or convenience, to persuade her that she could be only a morganatic wife. He surrounded his courtship with a mystery less necessitated by the king's enmity than demanded by the duke's lifelong love of ridiculous romanticism. He chose to imagine that the king could prevent his marriage, and he swore to secrecy the Duke of Sussex, his ally — who had married Lady Augusta Murray in the same way, and was subsequently to contract a similar union with Cecilia Underwood. There was a nocturnal marriage, postchaises hurrying to Dover in the dead of night, a honeymoon almost in disguise in the centre of Paris — numberless puerile precautions suggested by the young duke's craze that emissaries were everywhere waiting to carry off his bride, to poison him, or worse, plunder him. There is no proof that the duke Charles even then contemplated repudiating his wife, albeit his sub-

sequent conduct gives color to the story. For albeit in a few months the wife was taken to Brunswick and installed in the castle of Wendessen, although she had her chamberlain and her lady of honor, she lived rather the life, enjoyed the luxury, of a Pompadour than a Maintenon. The duke dwelt daily on that superstitious dread of England as a reason for not publicly acknowledging his marriage. His infant daughter was baptized with regal ceremonial, the onyx ewer used at the coronation of the Kings of Jerusalem being brought out for the little Countess of Colmar; but a year after, the duke Charles sent his wife from Vienna a message so hopeless, so definite in its denial of all matrimonial rights, that the deceived Charlotte of this sorry Werther at once left Brunswick, carrying her daughter with her, but leaving behind everything she and the child owed to the duke's munificence. She never saw her husband again. His excuse — the *raison d'état* — was too palpably lame. It was to George IV.'s interest that the morganatic marriage should be maintained, and the accident was too common in a house which descended from petty gentry like the D'Oibreuses and D'Estes — which allied itself with Luttrells, Walpoles, Underwoods — to be reasonably regarded as a scandal. If King George was plotting with the German Diet in order to obtain his nephew's interdiction, the imprudent marriage rather served his cause than injured it.

The duke Charles saw plots everywhere — the monomania by which he was misguided all his life. Over Queen Caroline's tomb in the Cathedral of Saint-Blaise — the Guelphs' Saint Denis — he inscribed, "Here rests Caroline of Brunswick, murdered queen of England." Finding a duel with King George himself impossible, he sent a challenge to Count Münster, who had been governor-general of the duchy during his tutelage, and this, and a subsequent cartel, he had published all over Germany. Then he commenced a furious and indiscriminate crusade against all the officials, high and low, who had served the State under the English administration. He dismissed and expelled Baron Sterstorpf, master of the horse, and not only one of the wealthiest, but one of the most respected noblemen in his dominions; when the supreme court of Wolfenbüttel declared the act illegal, he had their decree publicly burnt; when the Diet solemnly confirmed their decision, he pointed guns at the crowd assem-

bled to welcome the exile. The Liberal duke became an autocrat and a half-demented autocrat in a few months. And like most despots he must have his favorite to lean on, or to lead him. His Steenie, his Baron Stockmar, his buffoon and premier, was an underling in the War Office, who had married the daughter of Miss Colville's cook. Bitter gained the duke's good graces by exercising a singular mimic talent in the faithful reproduction of the mien and manner, the tricks and *tics* of court personages, and by being able to imitate on the piano an extravagant peal of laughter. These gifts rapidly earned him many profits and dignities; in a few months he was Baron d'Andlau, and the duke's chief, his only adviser. By this time the Brunswickers were openly disaffected, and appealed to the Diet to send federal troops to occupy the duchy. The duke fled to Paris, praying Charles X.'s protection against his subjects and his neighbors. The poor old Bourbon needed protection as much as his suppliant; he sent the chief of the Brunswicks the grand cross of the Legion of Honor in diamonds, which the duke refused because it was not the cross of St. Louis; and then came that famous Neapolitan merry-making at the Palais Royal, the dance on a volcano, the eruption, and the flight of king and duke. The Revolution followed Duke Charles to Brussels, and thence to Brunswick, where his carriage was stoned, himself hooted, where the Notables formally demanded Liberal reforms, and a convocation of the States-General. The bold Brunswick haughtily refused to yield to violence, called his guards out — and the next day left for England with sixteen wagons full of incalculable treasures behind him. He was wont to pretend that this was merely a little journey undertaken for the purpose of figuring at William IV.'s coronation; but the sixteen wagons argued somewhat forcibly against him. His subjects at least regarded his departure as final, for they burnt his palace, and acclaimed his brother as sovereign duke a few days later. From that day the Duke of Brunswick was a dethroned adventurer, a wandering millionaire.

In London he was a perpetual source of social scandal and political annoyance. His old companion William IV. received him coolly; the Duke of Wellington and Lord Aberdeen advised him to abdicate in exchange for a body guard and a civil list of forty thousand pounds. He refused all concessions and determined to

reconquer his duchy unaided. Never did foolish pretender plan a wilder expedition; the Bonapartists at Boulogne were sober-minded and practical politicians in comparison. Duke Charles had not an eagle in his hat, but he launched from Frankfort one of the fullest and most fantastic schemes of reform that ever came out of a crowned head. It abolished at one blow conscription (as the army was abolished too, this was hardly necessary), all feudal rights and privileges; it divided the great ducal apanages between him and his people; it confiscated all the lands of the aristocracy and sold them for the benefit of the poor; it established trial by jury; it exempted the poorer classes from taxation; it declared that magistrates, mayors, and priests should be appointed by election, and it gave every adult citizen a vote. This and a few thousand tricolor cockades were the chief weapons relied upon by the duke. They failed signally. He got together a rabble of peasants, and after a parley with the Brunswick troops at the frontier, retired without drawing sword. Again in Paris, the duke devoted his leisure to protesting right and left against his brother's usurpation, and to drawing up schemes of Liberal-Legitimist revolutions, with the result that Louis Philippe's government decided to conduct him to the frontier, and really did arrest and convey to Switzerland — a footman, Chevaly, who resembled his master sufficiently to need but a few cosmetics to appear the duke himself. The real duke meanwhile remained in Paris, in a student's one room in the Latin quarter, gathering together a formidable array of legal luminaries, raising a mountain of precedents and counsels' opinions, exercising for the first time that petty genius for litigation which was the chief trait in his intellect during the latter part of his career. He won his cause; the decree of expulsion was revoked, and the duke was allowed to take root in Paris by buying the famous hotel in the Champs Elysées, which became afterwards the residence of Queen Christine of Spain. He was not then the monster of meanness and vanity this present generation knew, but the process of perversion was beginning. He was a fair-haired, comely little fellow, who put heels *inside* his miraculously small shoes in order to appear two inches taller. He was a daring and adroit rider, an accomplished and enlightened musician. He lived the life of a man of fashion, not that of a vicious recluse. His tiger-skinned horses were famous then as his yellow

"Isabelle" teams during the Empire. He was one of the most constant subscribers to the opera and the Italians, and at home Rubini, Tamburini, Nourrit, Lablache, Malibran, Grisi — and later, Auber, Mario, Rossini — were familiar guests. He mixed with his kind, he would enter into a trotting match with the Duc d'Orléans — his antagonism to the bourgeois dynasty making it a condition that the opponents should only salute with their whips. He was an inveterate theatre-goer — indeed that he remained for many years; he was a frequent visitor at many mansions in the noble Faubourg; and he took a wholesome, human interest in his daughter and her studies.

But the deadly germs of pride and avarice were already swelling apace, and the little good grain was going. He had already begun to defend his prodigious purse against the world — savagely suspecting a waiter of a plot to cheat him in rendering change, a laundress of having charged for two more shirts than had been sent. His secretary, Isidore Fort, was perpetually appearing before the *juge de paix* to plead for his magnificent master against petty creditors demanding a hundred francs, claiming the cost of stamps, cab-hire, and what not. He had already begun to construct his house like a fortress. At the head of his bed there was a species of stone cupboard, which at the turn of a screw could be sunk into a well fifty yards beneath the basement. There his most precious deeds and documents, treasures and heirlooms, were deposited. The cellars were strongholds like those of the Bank of France. There were iron cases crammed with guineas bearing the effigy of all the Brunswickers who had reigned in England. There were coffers untouched since Waterloo, which contained gold pieces of eight generations of dukes; and there were thousands of ten-thaler pieces bearing his own bust, which had never been and would never be put into circulation. A secret staircase led into this Ali Baba's cave. Its entrance was a supposed wardrobe in the duke's bed chamber; it continued to the baron Andlau's apartments above. The work had been executed by relays of workmen utterly unknown to each other; only Duke Charles and his chamberlain held keys of the secret doors. When the secret was discovered by police officers called in after a robbery in the hotel, the master at once resolved to sell his property. At this period appeared the first sketches of that extraordinary work of art

which was his face in latter years. He seemed to have acquired the taste in Spain, and to have perfected the practice in London. He began by whitening the end of the nose, he added a little rouge to the cheeks, then lightly died his hair and beard. He was already ridiculous, but not yet monstrous. When his agnates in formal conclave declared him insane, they had potent arguments on their side; when the Diet declared him incapable of reigning, it had even better justification.

The duke resisted the sequestration of his property in Paris tooth and nail, and really proved himself an able special pleader—even with Berryer, Vatimesnil, Odilon Barrot, Charles Comte, Chaix d'Est-ANGE on his side. The French courts gave judgment in his favor; and triumphant he crossed the Channel to do battle against his family in the English tribunals. His old hobby seized him immediately after his arrival. His daughter had been ill, she had eaten cakes and confits; and when the duke heard that *once*—months before—Queen Adelaide had given her sweetmeats, his logical mind was made up, and the child was straightway despatched to France to save her from royal poisoners. In the law courts he was now and then successful, and this was the amiable manner in which he welcomed success. The Court of Chancery had ordered the Duke of Cambridge to pay him fifty thousand pounds, and on leaving the court the chief of the Guelphs wrote: "I am very glad I did not throw all your Royal Highness's letters into the waste-paper basket, as they deserved; since one of them has compelled you to restore to me a morsel of my property. I should never have thought that a few lines of your ugly handwriting, in every way worthy of you, would be worth fifty thousand pounds." He refused to wear mourning for William IV., and with peurile affectation he sought the society of the inheritors of Stuart blood, the Richmonds, Buccleuchs, St. Albans, Graftons, and Clevelands. Lady Lætitia Stuart, married to a Bonaparte, first introduced him to Prince Louis Napoleon and Count d'Orsay, with whom he exhibited himself at Epsom arrayed in yellow satin. In the midst of these frivolities he was planning a grotesque invasion of his lost duchy by means of disguised mercenaries mysteriously filtering through the Black Forest, the ravines of the Hartz, to the Blankenburg principality, with the Countess of Colmar at their head. And then the future heroine suddenly forsook the

faith of her fathers, and was received into the Catholic Church by the Bishop of Nancy. The duke's piety had never been very conspicuous, but his arrogant love of domination was wounded to the quick. The convert was ordered to recant, and told that she would be "reduced by famine;" and effectively, in a brief space, the countess was refused all further subsidies and constrained to live on the charity of the French family where she afterwards found a husband. Now and then in a paroxysm of sickly sentimentality the duke remembered that he had a daughter, but from this date all moral and material care for her ceased on his part.

One of the most grotesque episodes in his career, the Napoleonic alliance, helped perhaps to wean him from too fond thoughts of his one child. His friend Prince Louis Bonaparte was languishing at Ham, when a good fairy bearing the anonymity of Smith, "Grand Treasurer of H.R.H. the Duke of Brunswick," appeared with eight hundred thousand pounds and a document for signature. The money was the golden key of Ham Castle; the document was a treaty which engaged Bonaparte and Brunswick, "on their honor and on the Holy Bible to establish, on one hand, the duke in his duchy, and if possible, create a national Germany; on the other, to assist the Prince Napoleon in his effort to restore to France her national sovereignty," etc. Other articles provided that the first to attain supreme power, "whatever the title might be," should help his ally with troops and money to regain his own; that neither would sign nor promise an act of abdication—finally that each owed the other "counsel and assistance in every circumstance of life."

Arrived in London, the prince Louis held long council with his ally in the umbrageous secrecy of Brunswick House. The duke's new factotum, Mr. Smith, was kept busily engaged studying impossible plans for the double restoration; the prince's cabriolet, with his microscopic tiger behind, rolled daily from Brunswick Hotel where the Bonaparte perched, to the mansion where the Brunswick lived in solid state. What wild, wonderful conferences they must have been! Daudet's "Kings in Exile" contains nothing more absurd than one's mind's picture of the little pretenders, fiercely moustachioed, gravely reconstituting, in their belaguered and befurred finery, the empires of Charlemagne and Otho. The plans must have appeared just merely possible of realiza-

tion in the distant future, even to the faithful Smith, Andlau, De Montauban, etc. And yet, a year after, one of the empires at least was in a very fair way to being founded; Louis Napoleon was president of the republic, and the *coup d'état* was hatching.

Then the liberal, the socialistic duke determined at once to take his stipulated share of the heritage of the strangled republic. He left England in Mr. Green's "Nassau" balloon, nobody could explain wherefore, save that the petty histrionism that formed such a prominent feature of his character gloried in the title of the "first sovereign who had travelled in a balloon." He was a creature full of these puerile fancies, compact of petty prejudices and passionate vanities. Entering Paris in some sort a conqueror, his friend and ally far advanced on the royal, the imperial road to fortune, his first poor idea was to sell his famous hotel in the Champs Elysées, because its number, 52, had been changed to 78, and the duke had a noble horror of the figure seven. Fortune is a female and capricious, and makes it her business to give good grounds for men's follies; a month afterwards the new proprietor, the Comtesse de Caumont-Laforce, was murdered by one of her servants. The new palace was that fairy household which, founded at the era of the empire, ended at its exit. Stones leave and inherit various legacies, like men; it was the home of Lola Montes, and it became the dwelling of Queen Christine. Around it were massive railings ending in gilded spear heads, which turned on hinges and brought into action a colossal system of gongs and bells. Five immense iron doors, hideously painted red and gold, opened on to the Avenue de Friedland, and the Rues Bel-Respiro and Beaujou. The garden and conservatories bristled with statues, the duke's bust towering in their midst. The central building was painted pink; there were forty horses in the marble-paved stables; you entered the sacred centre where the master of all these grotesque magnificences resided, as people enter enchanters' palaces in Arabian Night-mares: a spring was touched, an armchair presented itself, and the visitor was whirled round and up into the ducal ante-chamber. This and the bed-chamber were in solid iron; the very bed was iron. A minute, violet-shaped aperture in the wall was the key-hole of the recess where the duke's strong-box hung over a well many yards deeper than the first foundations of the hotel.

And there the chief of the Guelphs spent nearly all his solitary day, attired in fantastic, flaming dressing-gowns, selecting from among the thirty waxen *simulacra* of his own face, the wig, the eyebrows, the complexion of the day. Dyed, rouged, curled, and scented, he went out at sunset in one of his famous chocolate-colored carriages; dined at some fashionable restaurant and spent the evening at the little theatre where authors are counted necessary vehicles for the exhibition of ankles. At home—if home his gorgeous folly could be called—he kept no kitchen. A cook was necessarily a poisoner in his eyes. He mixed his morning chocolate himself; his milk was brought from suburban farms in a sealed silver can; and his body servant was compelled to drink and digest ere he himself touched it. He was, *d'ailleurs*, a modest man at glass and platter. He drank nothing but small beer, and his worst orgies were formidable feasts of fruit and ices. He used to give a louis now and then in order to walk round the cellars of the Café Tortoni, and eat ices as he chose, dipping his own spoon here and there as the fancy found him. He had always two or three *bonbonnières* in his pockets for his personal use. He offered nothing to ladies; he never allowed his equerries, his oldest servitors, to smoke in his presence. And this was his life, these his habits, during the "twenty years of prosperity" ungrateful France owes her second Cæsar. That Cæsar disappointed his hopes a year after the plebiscitum that made him emperor. The famous pact between the pretenders in London was found, in Paris, to be absolutely impracticable. And by degrees the successful emperor "dropped" the duke. He became a compromising friend, even for the empire. He was the laughing-stock, almost the eyesore of Paris. Surrounded by hireling sycophants, he lost all taste for the society of his equals. He shut himself up with his diamonds, fondling them foolishly like the misers of old romance. His diamonds and his law-suits were the last joys of the last Guelph. He had lost all human sympathies. He had renounced friends, family, personal dignity. He would order his negro servant: "Draw your sword and cut through the *canaille*." He refused all communications from his daughter and her children, and in the most scandalous litigation of this century he contested for four years his grandchildren's right to a penny of his fortune. That fortune—the most useless that ever was in human hands—

was to go to the prince imperial — so long as the empire should be prosperous. Directly after Sedan the will was shamelessly revoked; and the news of the revocation came to the emperor during his last walk at Chiselhurst from Camden Place to the station. And the end, at Geneva, was worthy the long, frivolous, foolish, unfortunate life. He spent months there during the worst crises that have shaken modern Europe, fondling his diamonds, and dressing. He left his millions to the capital of Calvinism, because it was the only one likely to put up his statue in a public place, even at the price he paid for the perpetuation of his incommensurable and lifelong folly.

From The Spectator.

MR. R. L. STEVENSON'S VERSE FOR CHILDREN.

MR. R. L. STEVENSON has as good an idea of children and their favorite notions as any English writer of our time. His "Treasure Island" is the delight of all children, big and little, who love adventure in its simplest and most vivid forms; and he has just proved, in his "Child's Garden of Verse" * that he understands equally well the imaginative world of children still smaller than those for whose delight "Treasure Island" was probably written. Nevertheless, he seems to us to fall into some confusion between two very different things indeed, — the verse which children might be supposed to write, and the verse which they would delight to read. In his "Child's Garden of Verse" he gives us a good many specimens of verses, of which the best you could say would be that a bright child might have written them, but which for that very reason no bright child would value, except indeed as his own productions. For example, the following "Happy Thought" (to which, by the way, a separate page is devoted) is hardly a thought which would make any child happy, unless from triumph at having given birth to a rhyme: —

The world is so full of a number of things,
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings.

That is merely puerile, and you will never find children pleased at what is merely puerile. It is the same with "Looking Forward" (which also fills a page): —

When I am grown to man's estate
I shall be very proud and great,

* Longmans.

And tell the other girls and boys
Not to meddle with my toys.

That, again, expresses a very common puerile feeling in a decidedly puerile manner, and therefore it is not the sort of verse in which children would take pleasure. And of this puerile verse, though Mr. Stevenson knows better than to give us nothing else, there is a great deal too much for so small a volume as this, — a great deal too much that might really have been written by such a child as Mr. Stevenson himself once was, and which expresses nothing but frank, childish thoughts. Now, we are far from saying that children condemn verse because it is not poetry. On the contrary, they often take a great fancy to the prosaic verses written for them by older people, — witness the popularity a generation or two ago of the "Original Poems," by Jane Taylor of Ongar. But then bad as most of the "Original Poems" were, considered as poems, they contained lively delineations of incident and character such as no child could have written. The well-known picture of the greedy boy, beginning, —

I've got a plum-cake,
And a rare feast I'll make,
I'll eat, and I'll stuff, and I'll cram;
Morning, noontime, and night,
It shall be my delight;
What a happy young fellow I am!

was not precisely poetical, but it was a very vigorous sketch of greediness, such as no child could have drawn. And it was this strong delineation which made it popular with children, while the rhymes only served to impress it on their recollection. Now, in the verses in Mr. R. L. Stevenson's volume, which we have described as verses which a smart boy might have written, there is no such force of graving. Like the specimens we have given, they have the mark of the child's experience without anything at all but the rhyme to distinguish them in form from the language in which a lively boy would have been apt to express that experience. But to find favor with children, verse needs a good deal more than this. Undoubtedly it must embody the child's feeling, but it must embody it in a form far beyond the reach of a child's power of expression, — in other words, in a form to give no less, or even more, vividness to the mere record of that feeling than the original feeling itself would have carried with it at the time it was present in all its force to the child's mind. Mr. Stevenson himself gives us ample opportunity of

illustrating what we mean. Take, for example, this admirable little poem on the wind:—

I saw you toss the kites on high
And blow the birds about the sky;
And all around I heard you pass,
Like ladies' skirts across the grass—
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

I saw the different things you did,
But always you yourself you hid.
I felt you push, I heard you call,
I could not see yourself at all—
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

O you that are so strong and cold,
O blower, are you young or old?
Are you a beast of field and tree,
Or just a stronger child than me?
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song.

That is not only a true poem, but a poem that expresses the child's wonder at the invisible force of the wind in words which, though simple enough, are far beyond the compass of a child's imagination. The burden, taken alone, is a whole world above the range of the child's thought. Again, the very form of the question,—

O you that are so strong and cold,
O blower, are you young or old?

is a form that would never occur to a child. He would never address the wind merely in the second person, nor without giving it the name of "wind" by which he knows it; and the mere fact of this direct address to an invisible and unknown power into the nature of which the questioner is inquiring, carries a sense of mystery which would excite the child's sense of wonder, and lift him above the puerile level. Or, again, take this admirable little poem on a child's march to bed in the winter night, and notice how far beyond the child's power of expression is the verse, though it exactly touches the heart of an imaginative child's feeling:—

All round the house is the jet-black night;
It stares through the window-pane;
It crawls in the corners, hiding from the light,
And it moves with the moving flame.

Now my little heart goes a-beating like a drum,
With the breath of the Bogie in my hair;
And all round the candle the crooked shadows come,
And go marching along up the stair.

The shadow of the balusters, the shadow of the lamp,

The shadow of the child that goes to bed—
All the wicked shadows coming, tramp, tramp, tramp,
With the black night overhead.

What a force of vision there is in the lines,—

All round the candle the crooked shadows come,
And go marching along up the stair!

How vividly that crookedness of the shadows, as they leaped from the wall to the ceiling, or from the floor to the wall, as the light changed its position, used to impress us as children, and yet how impossible it would have been for us to give to that half-shivering sense of the fearfulness of shadows, a voice so lively and yet so sensitive as this. Or, again, take this bright little picture of the advantages of birds over boys, conveyed in verses of almost birdlike simplicity and buoyancy:

Birds all the sunny day
Flutter and quarrel,
Here in the arbor-like
Tent of the laurel.

Here in the fork
The brown nest is seated;
Four little blue eggs
The mother keeps heated.

While we stand watching her,
Staring like gabies,
Safe in each egg are the
Bird's little babies.

Soon the frail eggs they shall
Chip, and upspringing
Make all the April woods
Merry with singing.

Younger than we are,
O children, and frailer,
Soon in blue air they'll be,
Singer and sailor.

We, so much older,
Taller and stronger,
We shall look down on the
Birdies no longer.

They shall go flying,
With musical speeches.
High overhead in the
Tops of the beeches.

In spite of our wisdom
And sensible talking,
We on our feet must go
Plodding and walking.

What child could have written that? and, indeed, we may well ask what child could have written any sort of verse in which

children would delight? What the child looks for to rouse his imagination, is some extension of his own experience, either in the direction of more living detail, or in the direction of a more buoyant imagination. No child would think of calling the songs of the birds "musical speeches;" and the very use of that expression widens his enjoyment of the bird's song, and brings it nearer to his heart. This is what Mr. Stevenson can do for the child when he will. But it is not by simply fitting a child's thought with rhymes that he can do it, but rather by fitting a child's feelings with wings. And when he does this he is delightful. For example, how he lifts the child's inarticulate thought into the heavens, when he sings of the dumb soldier whom the child is supposed to have buried in the grass:

He has seen the starry hours
And the springing of the flowers;
And the fairy things that pass
In the forests of the grass.

In the silence he has heard
Talking bee and ladybird,
And the butterfly has flown
O'er him as he lay alone.

Not a word will he disclose,
Not a word of all he knows.
I must lay him on the shelf,
And make-up the tale myself.

But the child, though he might have made up the tale himself, could never have made it up in that language of the heart which betrays the nice discernment at once what to say and what to omit. The child could never have spoken of "the forests of the grass," or have realized the lonely rapture of listening to "the talking bee and lady-bird," though that is what he might have tried dimly to express. No, Mr. Stevenson may be sure that those of his rhymes—and they are too many—which a lively boy might have made, will never seize hold of children, while those of his poems which give the force of mature vision and emotion to childish feelings, will be as popular with children as even his romance of piracy itself.

From St. James's Gazette.

A PROFESSIONAL VISIT IN PERSIA.

IN India the ladies are jealously veiled from the eyes of all men, and more particularly from the eyes of the unbelieving male; even the European doctor has no chance of seeing their dark faces, save in

his dreams. In Persia this is not the case. Doctors are privileged persons. Possibly on his first visit, or if his patient be the wife of a holy man, she may be veiled; but afterwards the veil is cast aside. One great characteristic of the Persian is his curiosity: among Persian women it is developed in an intense degree. And that is why it is that the doctor is so often sent for. I shall not be guilty of indiscretion if I describe one of these quasi-professional visits.

I have been summoned to the house of a Persian grandee. In deference to Oriental prejudice I have discarded my linen cut-away coat, which from its shortness is considered indelicate, and substituted for it the professional black-cloth frock. I have slipped a pair of galoshes over my ordinary walking-boots; and, with my solar topee (or sun-helmet) on, have ridden through a mile of deserted streets and thronged bazaars, in a grilling sunshine, to the door of the patient's house. My groom flings the embroidered cloth of many colors, worked in gay silks, over my horse, to protect him from chills and the saddle from sun and dust. The drowsy door-keeper politely requests me to bring my "Excellency's honor within;" and I pass through the outer parts of the house, which are devoted to the men, and distinguished principally by dirt, dark passages, and squalor. In various courts and rooms we notice men writing, smoking, talking, or sleeping. Those occupied in the latter way predominate, for it is early afternoon. Most of the serious business of the day has been done, and the early-rising Persian is, as a rule, enjoying his siesta. The hour of afternoon tea, the delights of which have been known in Persia for over a century, has not yet arrived.

"Heart's-delight! Heart's-delight!" shouts our guide, as he reaches a grimy curtain, at the same time signalling me by a wave of the hand to advance no further. A scuttling of slipped feet is heard, and Heart's-delight, a hideous negress of middle age dressed in clean and bright print garments, raises the curtain. "In the name of God, you are welcome; you have been expected. One minute, Sahib, till I inform our lady," grins the black slave-woman. The curtain falls, and in the half-darkness of the passage the porter gazes at me and I gaze at the porter. "Negresses are the daughters of burnt fathers," he remarks; to which I reply, "Yes, yes," as is the custom in the East on hearing a self-evident proposition. Now we are aware of considerable com-

motion and shrill voices from behind the curtain, and, before I can be enlightened further by the door-porter on the subject of the daughters of burnt fathers, the curtain is again raised — this time to admit us. "Welcome, Sahib; pray enter; may your footsteps be fortunate!" Our guide, the sooty Heart's-delight, precedes us.

I have been too long in the East to be caught gazing around me; but what I do see is this. A large courtyard some thirty yards by ten in extent. All down the centre is the *haus* or tank — a raised piece of ornamental water, the surface of which is about two feet above the ground. The edges are formed of huge blocks of well-wrought stone, so accurately levelled that the *haus* overflows all round its brink, making a pleasant sound of running water. Goldfish of large size flash in shoals in the clear tank. On either side of it are long rectangular flower-beds, sunk six inches below the surface of the court. This pavement, which consists of what we should call pantiles, is clean and perfect, and freshly sprinkled; and the sprinkling, and consequent evaporation, makes a grateful coolness. In the flower-beds are irregular clumps of marvel of Peru, some three feet high, of varied colored bloom, coming up irregularly in wild luxuriance. The moss-ross too is conspicuous, with its heavy odor; while the edging, a foot wide, is formed by thousands of bulbs of the *Narcissus poeticus* massed together like packed figs; these too give out a strong perfume. But what strikes one most is the air of perfect repair and cleanliness of everything. No grimy walls, no soiled curtains here; all is clean as a new pin, all is spick and span. The courtyard is shaded by orange-trees covered with bloom, and the heavy odor of neroli pervades the place. Many of the last year's fruit have been left upon the trees for ornament, and hang in bright yellow clusters out of reach. A couple of widgeon sport upon the tank. All round the courtyard are rooms, the doors and windows of which are jealously closed; but as we pass we hear whispered conversations behind them and titters of suppressed merriment.

We reach the door of the principal apartment, the windows of which look down upon the whole length of the *haus*. I cast off my galoshes at the door; but retain my head-gear, for to remove it would be the height of rudeness. Heart's-delight motions me to a seat on a chair (the only chair, Persians sit on the ground) at the head of the room. When I say that the interior of this apartment resembles the

halls of the Alhambra Court at the Crystal Palace, as they appeared in their first splendor before the great fire there, I exactly describe it. A priceless carpet, surrounded by felt edgings, two inches thick and a yard wide, appears like a lovely but subdued picture artfully set in a sombre frame. In the recesses of the walls are many bouquets in glass vases. The one great window — a miracle of intricate carpentry, some twenty feet by twenty — blazes with a geometrical pattern of tiny pieces of glass, forming one gorgeous mosaic. Three of the sashes of this window are thrown up to admit air; the colored glass of the top and four remaining sashes effectually shut out excess of light.

The *frou-frou* of silk is heard. Three ladies enter the room. Their feet and legs are bare to the knee, for they have cast off their shoes at the door; but all the rest of them is shrouded in a large sheet of dark-blue silk, the outer veil of the Persian lady. Gracefully they sink down into heaps in a semicircle opposite us. "Salaam, Sahib; you are welcome. Tea, tea for the Sahib!" I respond in the customary way, and inquire after the health of my veiled hostesses. One only replies, in a confident tone — she is evidently of middle age, and self-possessed: the other two blue heaps shake with inward mirth, but are silent. "It cannot be, it is too hot!" the lady continues, as she casts off her dark-blue envelope — an example immediately followed by her companions. Heart's-delight hastily folds up the three veils; and a plump, middle-aged lady, very comely, and her two innocent-looking daughters, handsome young women, fair as any English girl, with round, chubby faces and magnificent eyes, are disclosed to view in all the splendor of the Persian lady's indoor dress. The costume of all is the same, varying only in colors, and these are of the gayest: short and voluminous skirts of silk, much *bouffé*, reaching to the knee; shirts (the Persian word, like the French *chemise*, is applied to the garment of both sexes) of transparent silk gauze; tiny Zouave jackets of gaily embroidered velvet, just covering the shoulders and the top of the back (of these the sleeves are unbuttoned from the elbow, hanging down and showing the gay linings of pale-colored but brilliant silk); the top of the head and the ears are hidden by gorgeous silk kerchiefs, embroidered in gold; and there is no more clothing to describe, unless the numerous bracelets of the bangle form, of gold and

of glass, which jangle as the ladies move their arms, may be called clothes. The ladies chat: the younger ones only to each other in an undertone, for maiden modesty prevents their addressing the doctor; but they giggle and titter a good deal, and are duly reprov'd for it by the elder lady. Tea in delicate old china cups is served; we all smoke hubble-bubbles, and four of them are brought by Heart's-delight and three other black female slaves. Presently I hear a tittering behind me, turn, and instantly there is dead silence as a bright curtain of shot silk quickly falls, but not before I have observed an amused bevy of gaily dressed women and children. "Excuse them, Doctor Sahib; they are so dull, so dull." Conversation turns upon the curious customs of Europeans. I am asked if I am married. I have to admit that I am not, and am duly pitied. But then, "After all, you are right. Where there is a woman there is discord," says my hostess. More tea; more pipes. Sweet cakes, confectionery, and conserves are handed; iced sherbet, in Bohemian glass tumblers, gilt and of gaudy colors, is served. I insinuate something to the effect that this is a professional visit; my hostess smiles. I repeat the remark; and then the lady, rising to bid farewell, replies: "We were dull; we were bored; you have *désennuyé* us. *Wallah!*"—with a little laugh—"I have forgotten why we sent for you. Your footsteps, however, have been fortunate, for our hearts are no longer sad." So here was an end of my visit. We shook hands heartily, and the lady gave me a huge bouquet of narcissus as I left. As I rode home through the glaring streets, I felt all the more clearly that I had been merely sent for out of curiosity. But the handsome little carpet I afterwards received as a fee reconciled me to the experience, and caused me to remember that it is not in Persia alone that ladies summon a doctor simply because they are bored.

From The Spectator.
IN LITHUANIA.

II.

THERE is a homeliness that is very pleasing about Lithuanian life, even in that of the old *noblesse*, who are generally rich, but never purse-proud. The house—or palace, as it is called—stands

usually in the centre of a park, immediately adjoining which is the village. It is handsome, but not pretentious, though sufficiently large for sixty extra beds to be made up without disturbing the ordinary arrangements, for in these parts, where society has to be gathered together from a distance, and morning visits are all but impracticable, hospitality has to be carried out on an extensive scale, especially during a hunt or some other festivity. Housekeeping is no joke in this part of the world; everything not of home produce must be brought from a long distance, and to reach the railway itself you may have to travel for twenty-four hours. The Jew pedlar is therefore a very important institution, as he carries not merely linen goods, dress-pieces, handkerchiefs, aprons, combs and brushes, stationery, trinkets, and the like, but also sugar, soap, blacking, and other household requirements. His personal appearance is not inviting, still he is a quaint-looking object, with his black garment reaching to his heels and slit up behind, and his trousers tucked into his high boots. His features are effeminate, an effect which is increased by the little greasy corkscrew ringlets on each side of his face, to which, as he is very proud of them, he never fails to give a twirl round his fingers before entering your presence, though he bestows no care upon his beard, which is always very long, pointed, and matted to a disgusting degree. As a rule, a Jew is always dirty, and as he has sense enough to know that it would be disagreeable to you to have your hand kissed by him, after the fashion of the country, he compounds for the omission by kissing your elbow! Though the Jew is obnoxious, he is nevertheless useful; and far from keeping to those of his own nationality, as do the Lithuanians, the Letts, and the Russians, who have all distinct villages, he is to be found everywhere, abounding particularly in the small towns, for he is the universal trader. A Lithuanian peasant will have nothing to do with commerce. He will till the ground, or carry on a handicraft, such as that of carpenter, mason, or blacksmith, but he leaves higgling and barter to the despised Israelite, who never condescends to agricultural or other hard labor, and is, indeed, physically unfitted for any work demanding strength. For instance, it is always a Jew who puts on the roof of a house, and who paints and decorates it, but he never builds; and, as Jews are also tailors, shoemakers, and dyers, as well as publicans and shop-

keepers, Lithuanians would find it difficult to do without them, and actually think themselves aggrieved when the Jewish festival days come round, and they refuse to work for three, or, as at the Feast of Tabernacles, for seven days. "To ride like a Jew" is a byword in Russia, and one of them bobbing up and down on his starved horse, with his coat-tails flying, is certainly a curious sight; but still more funny is it to see a party of them on their way to market, when twelve or fifteen, or even more, will stow themselves into one britchska, in company with their cocks and hens and other merchandise, on which occasions children will amuse themselves by counting them on purpose to hear the screams with which the Jews will try to drown their voices; for if they should happen to hear the number they amount to, the superstition is that one of them is certain to die before the year is out.

Lithuanian winters are very severe. From the month of November to April the whole country is a glittering white expanse. The houses are, however, so comfortably warmed — not over-heated, as is supposed in England — that very few additions are made to the indoor dress. The way the thing is managed is this: Double windows, of course, are put in, and not removed till the frost is over. Then every morning wood fires are lighted in the stoves all over the house. These stoves being built of fire-brick, of course retain the heat; so that unless an extraordinary frost should occur, the fuel is not renewed in them, and the apartments remain at fifteen degrees Reaumur — Lithuanians always use this scale — (about fifty-eight Fahrenheit) during the day, and fourteen by night.

But what is amusing is the way the whole household watches and proclaims the increase of frost, as if they took a personal pride in the severity of the winter. "Fifteen degrees below zero," says the servant who comes to call you; and this you announce at breakfast, only to be told, perhaps, that the *sargas* (the watchman who walks about all night in every great house for fear of fire) declares positively that the thermometer went down to eighteen; and the excitement increases day by day till it reaches its climax, probably at twenty-seven, when it is too cold for walking and even for skating. When you drive out you are swathed like a mummy. Yet is "dreary winter" far from being the dulllest time. At the very first fall of snow the peasants take to their sledges, which, like their carts and their clothing,

are of every color, — red, green, blue, yellow, and brown. The sledge is, of course, the only means of winter locomotion, and the open sledge is used for the country drive, and the covered one for the evening visit; for now that the marshes are frozen over, distant people are brought into close neighborhood, and many a joyous merry-making takes place. We have said that the Lithuanians are Catholics, but Christmas eve, though a day of abstinence, is a time of festivity. When the first star has shown itself, the drawing-room doors are thrown open and the master and mistress of the house take large oblong wafers of different colors, and break one with each person under their roof, wishing them a happy Christmas and all sorts of good fortune; and this example having been set, every one else does the same, the higher in rank offering the wafer to the inferior, and the elder to the younger. They then go in to supper, at which, in memory of the Babe of Bethlehem, a quantity of straw is placed under the tablecloth, large sheaves of wheat standing up at the end of the room. At intervals down the table one finds immense loaves made of flour, eggs, butter, and black poppy-seeds, each stamped with an infant Jesus. The other dishes consist of fish soup, another soup *maigre* with almonds and raisins in it, white poppy-seeds made into a mortar-like paste and eaten cold, cabbage, boiled and fried fish, sauerkraut, a great pike served with very rich brown sauce and almonds and raisins, and a single sweet dish called *kieszel*, which is potato flour made into blancmange and eaten with cream and syrup. For beverage you have hydromel, as well as different sorts of wine. The repast lasts for hours, for every one must partake of nine, eleven, or thirteen dishes, and part of the entertainment consists in pulling straws to see by their length whether your life will be long or short. Sometimes there is also a Christmas tree, but that is often reserved for the next day, on which you turn out for mass at five o'clock in the cold, dark, and dismal morning. Nothing particular is done on Christmas day; there may be a dance in the evening; but on St. Stephen's day visitors are sure to come, and there will be an evening party.

On Innocents' day some of the peasants go round and perform a queer sort of sacred play representing Herod surrounded by his officers passing sentence on the children of Bethlehem. Their costume is not a little grotesque. As a conclusion, death comes and tells the king that as he

has killed others, he, too, must die. In this quaint drama the devil appears in the form of a he goat. Sometimes instead of the play there is a kind of punch-and-judy show, one of the puppets holding out a bag for money, for it is scarcely necessary to say that a liberal reward is expected to follow either performance.

On New Year's eve there is the *koulik*, that is, a number of people in costume go to the houses of the nearest neighbors, — we have already said that the frozen marshes bring people together in winter-time, — and dance for a short time, drinking champagne and eating *puncski* (a favorite kind of bun), and then, accompanied by those they have come to see, go on to other friends — of course all this has been pre-arranged — a gay party, increasing like a snowball as it goes on, until there is quite a procession of torch-lit sledges, the bells of which ring merrily as they fly swiftly along. Of course, too, there are outdoor amusements in the daytime. There is skating every day, and shooting, — hares are very numerous and other kinds of small game; there are also deer, though the forests are not so suited for hunting as those of Poland. The wolves, of course, must be shot, and havoc is made among them. A young wolf is sometimes taken home, and will become quite companionable, accompany you in your walks, and fawn upon you like the dogs whose manners he seems to imitate. Only — and this is a serious point — he seems quite unable to renounce his thievish propensities, and makes away with so many fat ducks — he seems to have weakness for these succulent morsels — that you are at last reluctantly obliged to "remove" him.

For the carnival most people go to town, and eat more *punczkis* than ever; for although there is no meat in them, such delicacies must disappear during Lent, when, for at least three days in the week, milk, butter, eggs, and cheese are strictly forbidden, the abstinence being very severe. At Easter, however, all this privation is amply made up for, and during the last days of Holy week an amount of cooking goes on which is simply wonderful. In the kitchen and still-room not only meat dishes, but sweets of every kind, are prepared — great towering *babas*, *mazurki* (flat cakes of almonds and nougat, iced and colored), large *tourtes*, which resemble nothing so much as bride-cake — all these, with eggs of every color, roast beef, sucking-pig, turkey, boar's-head, game, ham, and cream-cheese, are laid out

on Holy Saturday on long tables in the conservatory, or, at all events, not in the usual dining-room, when the priest comes and blesses the whole. The church is kept open all night, and at eleven o'clock a visit is paid to the holy sepulchre, beside which stand peasants in pasteboard armor, who personate the Roman guards. There is also a special service. You may think yourself lucky if you get any sleep that night, for at four o'clock you must attend the mass of the resurrection, which, being a solemn high mass, with as grand a procession as may be, lasts a long time, so that after it you will not be sorry to refresh the inner man; and from this time eating goes on promiscuously at all hours for the next three days, every visitor who comes being conducted to the *bénit*, as the display of eatables is called, such *bénit*, more or less elaborate, being laid out everywhere, even in the peasants' houses, and it is the custom for the great family of the place to pay visits to their dependents, and admire and perhaps partake of their feast. Those who live too far off for the priest to go to them bring bread, cheese, and eggs to the church and get them blessed before the mass on Easter morning. The *bénit* is, as we have said already, eaten in snatches, and either standing or by one or two together at little tables, no regular meal, and nothing hot except tea and soup, being partaken of during the whole time, for the cooks must enjoy their well-earned holiday. But before taking any of it, a similar ceremony is gone through to that observed at Christmas, only this time it is with eggs — the master and mistress of the house having each a large dish of hard-boiled eggs cut in halves, which they present to every one with good wishes.

But before speaking of Easter, which usually comes when spring is far advanced, we should have alluded to its precursor, the thaw. What words can describe the discomfort of that time of puddle and muddle, when, if you attempt to walk one behind another in the narrow track made by the peasants at the side of the road, you sink nearly to your knees, for, of course, the frost has penetrated deep into the ground; or if you wish to drive, you must do so in springless vehicles, which alone can stand the jolting over half-frozen lumps of ice which drive the luckless traveller to desperation! Sometimes, indeed, the roads are altogether impassable, and then there is no post and no visitors; or haply the thaw may have been so sudden that those who have come

to you in sledges are unable to make the return journey till they can do so in other vehicles.

But in the springtime—and it comes so suddenly—all is changed. The monotony of the seemingly endless forest is broken in upon by the singing of birds—goldfinches, thrushes, blackbirds, and robins, while violets, ferns, and lilies-of-the-valley appear in favored spots. Other birds there are too, handsome, but not songsters—the hoopoe, for instance, and a large blue crow. At night the chorus of nightingales is absolutely deafening. In summer there are the beautiful fireflies and immense night-moths; and you may gather strawberries and raspberries, and mushrooms, or rather different sorts of fungi, and bathe in the river, and revel in the soft, warm air, and for a brief season forget that earth is not quite a paradise.

From The Saturday Review.

A FEMALE LA TRAPPE.

THERE is near Biarritz a curious and probably unique conventual community known by the name of Notre Dame du Refuge. The community has two branches; one of them, Notre Dame, differs little from an ordinary convent with the usual school, orphanage, and *crèche*. The nuns are called Servantes de Marie. The other is a female La Trappe; the nuns are called Bernardines, and are all women who have led dissolute lives, and who, after a long probation passed under the care of the Servantes de Marie, are admitted as members of the order. Both establishments support themselves by farming on an extensive scale and on the most scientific principles. The work is done exclusively by women, and some of their methods of agriculture are quite original, as most of their land is sand reclaimed from the sea and fertilized by their patient care. The whole system is due to one man, the abbé Cestac, who seems to have possessed in a remarkable degree the talent for organization and the strong common sense so often found in the best class of the priests of the Roman Catholic Church. This distinguished man was born at Bayonne in 1801. He was educated at Tarbes and at Aire, and afterwards sent at the expense of the diocese of Bayonne to St. Sulpice, at Paris, to complete his theological course. He then returned as professor to the Petit Séminaire de Larressore, where he showed his

versatility by discharging the duties of teacher of music and mathematics, as well as being bursar of the establishment. After being raised to the chair of philosophy in 1831, he was made vicaire of the Cathedral of Bayonne. Soon after this he began his lifework by founding an orphanage—an association of pious young women for educational purposes, which afterwards became the Servantes de Marie, and a refuge for penitents, now the Bernardines. Soon the house at Bayonne became too small for the increasing community, in addition to which M. Cestac's idea had always been that a country life, with abundant agricultural labor, under the conventual rule, was the true life for his penitents. Accordingly, the small property was bought in the commune of Anglet, near Bayonne, and soon afterwards the convent received a legacy of another piece of land, or rather sand, close to the sea. M. Cestac immediately determined that this should be the site of his Refuge, for which it seemed peculiarly fitted from its isolated position surrounded by barren sand-hills and far from houses and public roads. In 1842 the Servantes de Marie were recognized by the Roman Catholic Church as a religious body, and in 1851 the Bernardines took the vows and religious dress. In 1868 the abbé Cestac died, having been made a canon of Bayonne and a knight of the Legion of Honor, and leaving behind him, as his memorial, one of the most successful monastic institutions which have been founded in the Roman Catholic Church in modern times.

The first of the establishments founded by M. Cestac at Anglet is interesting, as being probably the only large agricultural establishment where the manual labor is done entirely by women—that is, by the penitents in gangs—always overlooked by a Servante de Marie, or by an inferior grade of the order, called Ouvrières de Marie. The convent is a large, rambling building, looking more like a large farm than a convent. It possesses a large herd of Brittany cows, and great attention is paid to the preservation of the breed. Pig-farming and rabbit-farming are also carried on with success. The latter is considered of much importance, especially for the manure, which is of great value for the peculiar sandy soil with which the nuns have to deal on a large part of the estate. Indeed, as farmers of sand they have probably no equals. They divide their sand under three heads. 1st, brown or cold sand; 2nd, white or hot sand, in

Gascon *mourcts*; 3rd, grey or dead sand. The first is nearest the water-level and best for vegetable cultivation. The second is very friable, and will grow fruit-trees. The third lies in thin layers with the rock immediately beneath it, and cannot be utilized for agricultural purposes. The nuns make use of a fertilizing agent for sand and light soils, invented by M. Cestac, which, as far as we know, is original. It would not do for rich land, and even here can only be used for what is known as "cold sand." The receipt for making it is as follows: Take a given quantity of good earth, if possible mud from a pond or ditch, dry it well, pass it through a sieve; to this add half the quantity of powdered cinders mixed with soapy water from the laundry, half the quantity of wood ash, half the quantity of coarse salt (waste after evaporation), half the quantity of lime. To this may be added guano, rotten fish, or woollen rags. The whole is then watered with soapy water and liquid manure, well stirred, and left under cover for two months. Finally, the composition is mixed in equal quantities with manure from the farm, and left to ferment for some time, when it is ready for use.

The most interesting part, however, of the institution is the Convent of the Bernardines, about half a mile from Anglet, situated in the midst of a silent forest of pines planted on the sand-heaps when the Bernardines first settled here in 1846. The penitents—for they were not yet a religious order—built a certain number of cells and a chapel of straw, and began their work of planting and reclaiming the sand, which now they have made to blossom like a rose. The order is similar to that of La Trappe, but the rules differ in some particulars on the side of laxity, and show in this, as in everything, the strong, practical common sense of the founder. The life of a Bernardine is passed in the open air—a Trappistine never leaves the cloister, to whom it is a grave. The Bernardine may see her friends once a month, the Trappistine never more. The first monastery for women which sprung from the famous Abbey of Clairvaux, and followed the *Ordre de Cîteaux*, was founded in the diocese of Langres in about 1125, and was called Notre Dame de Tart. This abbey was transferred to Dijon in 1623, under the abbess Jeanne de Courcelle de Pourlan, who revived the strict rules of St. Bernard, the observance of which had suffered from the lax influence of the manners and customs of the feudal

period. Several other religious houses were founded, notably that of Port Royal de Paris; and before the Revolution there existed several houses for the reception of penitents, one at Marseilles, one at Metz, and two at Paris; but these were all scattered by it. The *maison mère* of the Trappist order is now at the Val Sainte, in the canton of Fribourg in Switzerland, and was founded in 1791 by the colony of La Trappe du Perche, from which the order takes its name. There are now seven monasteries for men in France, of which the principal is Notre Dame de la Trappe, in the diocese of Séez, and nine convents for women. The name Trappistine was given to them after the Revolution, when the edict was pronounced against the Cistercian congregations of women, who thereupon retired to the Val Sainte and adopted the *Ordre de Cîteaux*, followed the same observances as the monks, and received the name of Trappistine in 1796. "Quid petis?" is the question put by the priest to the novice who would enter La Trappe. "Misericordiam Dei et vestram" is the answer, and the novice puts on the white cowl, the tunic, the leather belt, and the veil, and henceforth preserves an absolute silence. The Bernardines of the Refuge follow much the same rule; but it is not so strict. For instance, at first they were allowed to speak on Sunday, and even now, as we said before, they may see their friends and have certain other privileges; but their general rule is that of La Trappe. The approach to the convent is along a sandy road through a belt of forest; one then comes to the large clearing occupied by the convent and its gardens, and passes through a gate—above which is a board with the request to strangers to speak in a low voice—up a long, sandy avenue of pines, where the feet tread noiselessly. There one is met by a cheery little Servante de Marie, whose interest in the world breaks the oppressive silence as she leads the visitor into the convent court, where two white-robed figures are picking violets, and others are piling wood to the accompaniment of a sort of litany. The building of the convent has nothing remarkable about it, and consists of a low, one-storied structure built round a garden. The visitor is shown the chapel with the aisle shrouded by white curtains where the Bernardines sit, the refectory, the first chapel built of straw with a sanded floor, and a specimen of the straw cells in which the nuns lived before the convent was built. The dress of the Ber-

nardines consists of a coarse robe of white wool, with a cord round the waist, and a large black cross on the back, and a cowl drawn over the face, and they wear a bronze cross on the breast. They rise every morning at half past four, then prayer and mass till seven o'clock, breakfast at a quarter past seven, consisting of soup, dry bread, and water, recitation of the *Miserere* at half past seven, and then they disperse to their various occupations in the fields. At every hour a bell gives the signal for prayer. When they are working far away in the fields the sister in charge of the party gives a signal and each one remains in prayer in the posture of a laborer resting on his spade. At a quarter past eleven the whole community go to chapel till twelve, after which they march in single file to the refectory for dinner, which consists of soup and one dish, sometimes meat, sometimes vegetables. During dinner a chapter from the writings of the saints or fathers is read aloud, and the meal is occasionally interrupted by the ringing of a little bell as a signal for every one to stop eating for a space. Every Friday they take their dinner kneeling. After dinner, chapel, and then recreation till one o'clock. This consists in walking or tilling their little private gardens. At half past one religious reading, and at two o'clock they go back to the fields to work. At six, supper, consisting of vegetables and water; at half past six, chapel; then in summer more work in the fields till eight; in winter work indoors till the same hour. At eight o'clock, prayers in the chapel, and at nine o'clock, bed. On Sundays and fête days the working hours are occupied by prayer. The Bernardines now number fifty, and are under the care of a mother abbess and four Servantes de Marie. Whatever may be our objections to the monastic system, no one can but recognize the good work done by the abbé Cestac in providing a refuge for these fallen women, from whom it must be remembered no payment is either asked or taken, and even Mr. Chamberlain could not say of these poor creatures that they toil not neither do they spin.

From All The Year Round.
HERTFORDSHIRE.

WILD forest was Hertfordshire, where it was not bare, wide heaths as wild and desolate, and that long after the country

in general was cultivated and settled. The "hams" of the Saxons are almost entirely wanting in the county, and even its chief town, to which it owes name and existence as a shire, was neither a tribal settlement nor the town of any great chief. Rather Hertford owes its name to the time when all about was a dangerous tract avoided by all but the well-armed and well-mounted hunting parties that pursued the wild game in these forest solitudes. Here might be met the fierce wild cattle of the native tawny breed. Herds of deer housed in the forest glades, and the wild boar lurked in the marshy jungle. As the hunt was urged with cry and horn, it was noticed that at one spot in the greenwood, where a labyrinth of streams had formed a deep and dangerous morass, the slot of the deer led by a patch of firm ground to a gravelly ford through the waters. Some British trackway no doubt had hit the ford ages ago, and the footsteps of vanished races had worn a track now thickly overgrown with the tangle of bush and briar, and all memory of the old Celtic name of the crossing had been lost, so that as the Hartsford it became known to the few that passed that way. And Hartford it was still when in the Danish wars a stockaded fort protected the crossing, and formed a strong post in the wood. And still it was Hartford when the Conqueror built a castle there to secure the passes into Middlesex. Long before, when the Romans held the land, the great roadway of Watling Street pierced the forest at its narrowest point, with a broad belt of clearings on either side, along which sprang up clusters of villages and hamlets. And the wild woods once passed, there was Verulam to welcome the traveller with its strong walls and stately buildings, and the broad lake that protected and adorned the city. In the records of the monkish chronicles of the abbey, the most celebrated of these chroniclers, Matthew Paris, who was himself one of the brethren of the abbey, and who wrote in the thirteenth century, when many records that have now perished were open to him, describes how Ealdred the abbot, long before the Conquest, ransacking the ancient cavities of the old city, which was called Werlamcestre, overturned and filled up all he could. The rough, broken places, and the streets with their passages running underground, and covered over with solid arches, some of which passed under the waters of Werlam River, which was once very large, and flowed about the city, he pulled down and filled up or stopped, because they were

the lurking-holes of thieves, night walkers, and outlaws, while the fosses of the city and certain caverns, to which felons and fugitives repaired as places of shelter from the thick woods around, he levelled as much as was possible. Among other materials were found the planks of ships, oars, and rusted anchors, which led to the supposition that the river had once been navigable to the walls of Verulam, and that possibly the main channel of the Thames had passed there. The most wonderful find, however, of the destructive Abbot of St. Albans was nothing less than a collection of rolls and manuscripts, the remains, perhaps, of the free library of ancient Verulam, one of which proved to be a volume in an unknown tongue, which turned out to be good Welsh, and an old Welsh priest, who happened to be living in the neighborhood, was able to translate it. And this wonderful volume was found to contain the history of the martyrdom of St. Alban. During the persecution of the Christians by Diocletian — so, shortly, runs the story — a citizen of Verulam, named Albanus, gave refuge in his house to a Christian preacher. The friendly act was discovered, and the people, furious against the Christians, dragged Albanus before the judge of the city, when Albanus avowed his Christian faith, and gloried in the act he had performed. Such treason against the majesty of the State was adjudged worthy of death, and Albanus was condemned to be executed on the hill where now stands the abbey church. Where the martyr suffered sprang up a clear spring of water. The spring is there to this day, to testify to the truth of the legend. It gives a name to Holywell Street, and still flows in front of Holywell House. Somewhere near the spring was built a humble British church in memory of the martyr, which, perhaps, was enlarged when the Christian faith became dominant in the empire. In the heathen times that followed, the church on the hill may have fallen into neglect and decay, and the renowned Offa, whose royal seat was close by at Offley, was the first to restore the ancient shrine. The blood-stained king, become conscious of his many crimes, sought to ensure himself against future punishment by his devotion to the new foundation. He endowed the church with his lordship and palace of Winslow, in Bucks, and from that time the Abbot of St. Albans became one of the chief dignitaries of the land. But while the convent flourished on the hill, the ancient city in the valley became more

and more deserted, and in course of time the destruction of Verulam was completed by the Saxon abbots, who determined to build a noble church on the hill, and accumulated vast stores of building materials by the destruction of all the old edifices. St. Albans has other memories than of its old ecclesiastics. Here was fought one of the first battles of the Wars of the Roses, when the Duke of Somerset, one of the ill-omened Beauforts descended from John of Gaunt and Catherine Swynford, with the imbecile King Henry in his train, held the town against the Duke of York, who was advancing towards London from the north-west, and who had encamped his forces in Keyfield. The town of St. Albans had clustered about the abbey in the form of an irregular cross along the lines of highway, and one of the early Saxon abbots had accentuated this form by founding a church on each of three extremities of the cross — St. Michael's to the south-west, within the ramparts of old Verulam; St. Stephen's, a mile or so to the south; and St. Peter's to the north, that guarded the highway towards Bedford. No wall enclosed the rambling, irregular town, but the entrances of the various streets had been strongly stockaded, and the king's standard was fixed on the slope of the hill at Goselow, looking towards St. Peter's. The Duke of York attacked the barriers in front, and was repulsed with heavy loss, but the Earl of Warwick, working round to the flank of the position, forced an entrance through some gardens in Holywell Street, and soon the cries of "A Warwick!" raised in the town itself, took the heart out of the defence. The king was wounded and taken prisoner, and a great slaughter of noble Lancastrians followed. Somerset himself, the Earls of Stafford and Northumberland, John, Lord Clifford, and many valiant knights were struck down and killed in the *mêlée*, and were honorably interred by the brethren of the abbey in Our Lady's Chapel. As to the more modern fame of Verulam, it is connected a good deal with the Bacons, who lived at Gorhambury, close by, while the stately effigy of the great Lord Bacon, with hat and ruff, seated in his elbow-chair, is the great ornament of St. Michael's Church. Some fragments are left of the old manor-house of the Bacons, but the present mansion is of the Georgian period. No male descendants of the Bacons were left to inherit the estates, which passed by marriage to Sir Harbottle Grimston, a man of note in his day, one of the Long

Parliament, and afterwards speaker under the Restoration. If we visit King Offa's royal seat to the northwards we shall find in the parish church of Offley an inscription recording that the great Saxon king once lived and was buried there. At Offley we are not far from Hitchin, a pleasant little Quaker town in the midst of green fields and gently sloping hills, and with its little brook running clearly by, and so past the old priory to Knebworth, the ancient and pleasant but somewhat sombre seat of the Lyttons. We may wonder how the sober blood of the ancient wardrobe-keeper to Henry the Seventh should break out at last into the nervous flood of the novelist and dramatist of these latter days, but in truth, though the lands came from the Lyttons, the lineage is none of theirs. The Strodes, Robinsons, Warburtons, and Bulwers all contributed to the making of the brilliant author, and from which line came the vital spark of genius it is hard to say. But while among the tombs of kings and princes, we should not have forgotten Ickleford, where one of a line as ancient as any of our Plantagenets, Henry Boswell, King of the Gipsies, lies buried. Nearer the borders of Essex lie the Pelhams, three of them lying as if in a rift among the forests, where adventurous settlers had established themselves. Tradition recounts the fame of one of these early settlers, a mythic hero of the dragon-slaying period—one Piers Shonks, who destroyed a loathly serpent that haunted these parts. It is said that the great old serpent himself took umbrage at the slaughter of one of his race, and promised Sir Shonks that when his—Shonks's—time had come he would lay hold of him, whether he was buried within the church or without it. Thereupon Shonks

cleverly doubled upon the fiend by having a niche made for himself in the wall of the church and his body placed therein, an event once commemorated by a long inscription, not contemporaneous, of which two lines may be quoted:—

But Shonks one serpent kills, t'other defies,
And in this wall as in a fortress lies.

Shonks may be said to be the originator of those curious fancies in the way of burial, of which there are other examples in the county, as at Stevenage, where there was long shown the body of one who reposed on the cross-beam of a barn. Indeed, the county can boast its fair share of eccentrics, living or dead. One of the best known of these was Lucas, the hermit, who lived in an outhouse of his once comfortable dwelling, his only clothing a dirty blanket secured round his neck by a wooden skewer. In Hertfordshire, too, witchcraft flourished long after its general disappearance. One of the last witches seriously put on trial was Jane Wenham, a Hertfordshire woman, actually in the eighteenth century, and at the county assizes at Hertford. A strange feature of the case was the woman's own previous confession, although she elected to plead not guilty at the trial. The jury found her guilty unhesitatingly, notwithstanding the efforts of the judge to make light of the matter, and the woman was condemned to death, although afterwards pardoned and set at liberty. In another case of an alleged witch tried before the same judge, evidence was given that the woman could fly. The judge asked the prisoner if this were really so. She answered in the affirmative, upon which said the judge gravely: "So she might if she could. He knew of no law against it."

THE BOND OF THE COMMON LAW.—Much has been said of the bond of common language and literature between our island and the Atlantic mainland; hardly enough, perhaps, of the bond of our common law. There is a kind of Freemasonry by which the English lawyer finds himself equally at home in Toronto, in the Province of Ontario, or Boston, in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. You shall fall in with a colleague of Harvard or Columbia College, and find him ready, after ten minutes' acquaintance, to discuss the high, grave, and dubious question whether a fee simple, qualified or determinable by limitation, was an estate recognized by the sages of our law, whose opinions have become canonical. Some

time ago a certain learned friend of the Massachusetts bar (now on the bench of the Supreme Court of that State) was with me in London, and had his attention called to a very full and able French work on the history of Anglo-Norman legal institutions, whereupon he spoke words to the following effect (I soften the adjective actually employed): "This may be very well, but I don't think you and I want a—blessed—foreigner to teach us our own common law." I would not barter that remark for all the possible eloquence concerning two great and friendly nations that can be uttered by the best of possible ministers—even by Mr. Lowell—in London or Washington.

Macmillan's Magazine.